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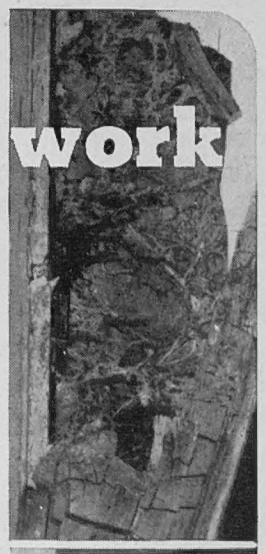

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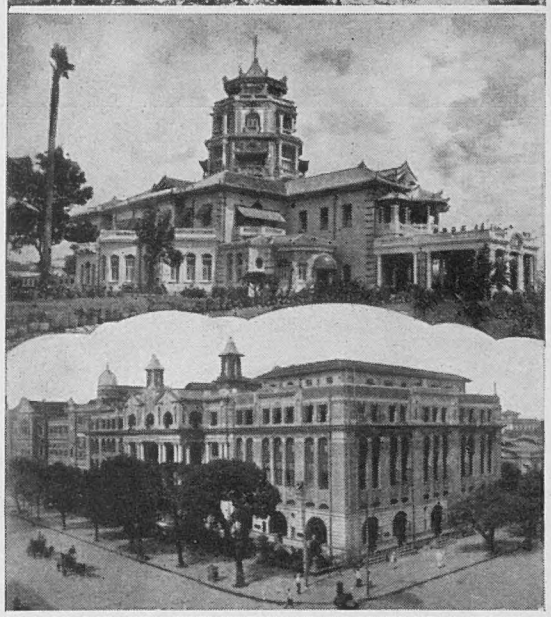

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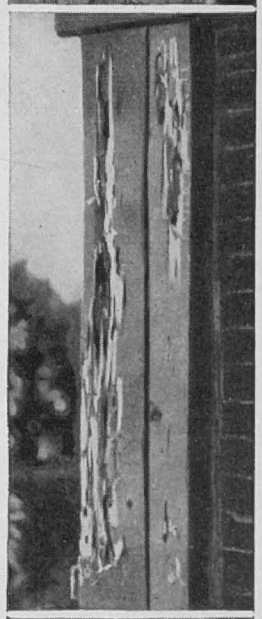

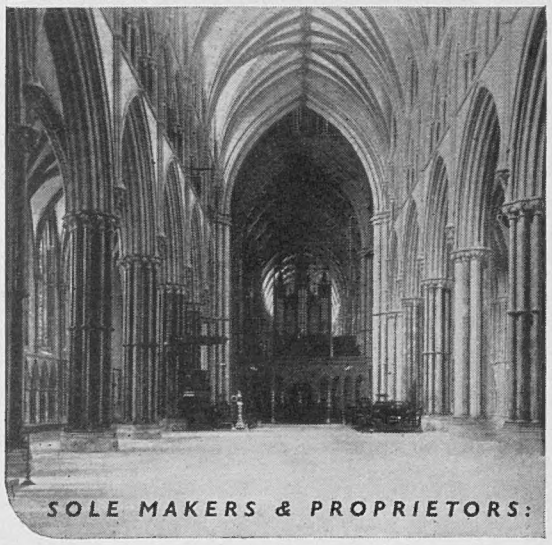

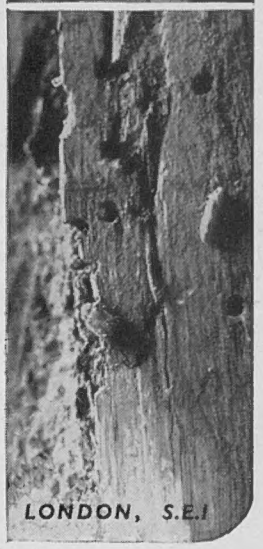

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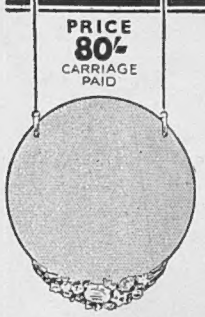

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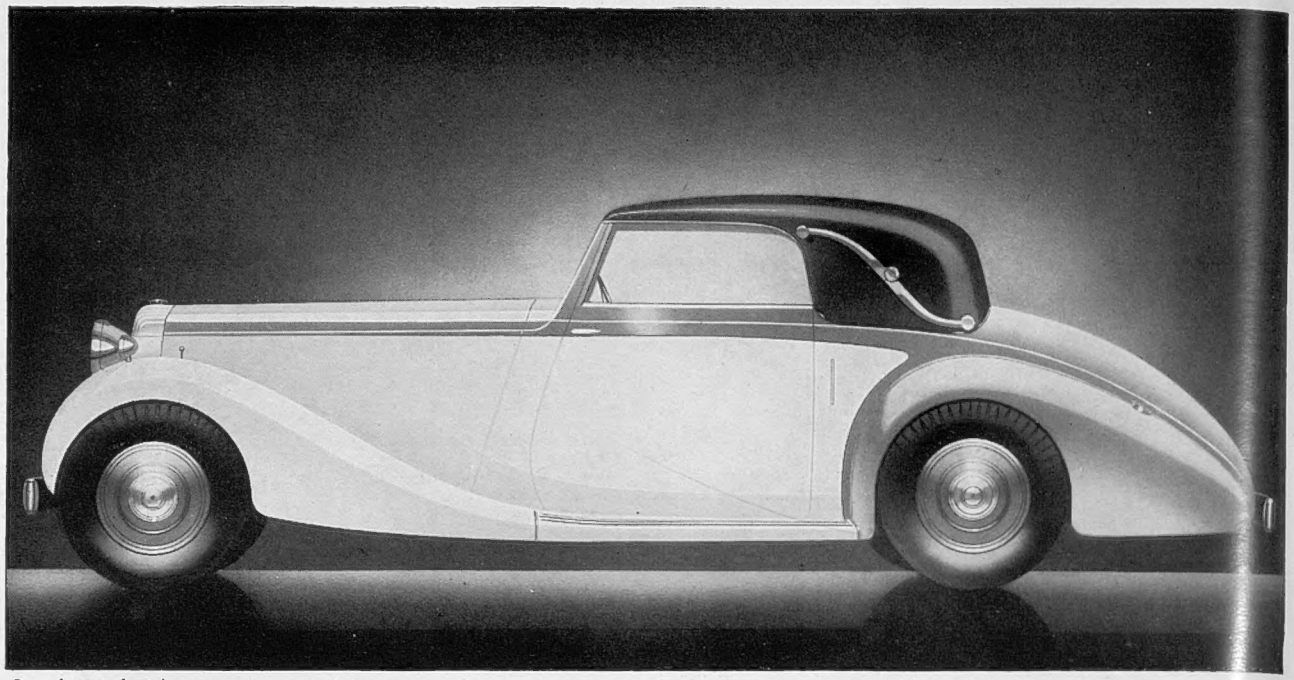

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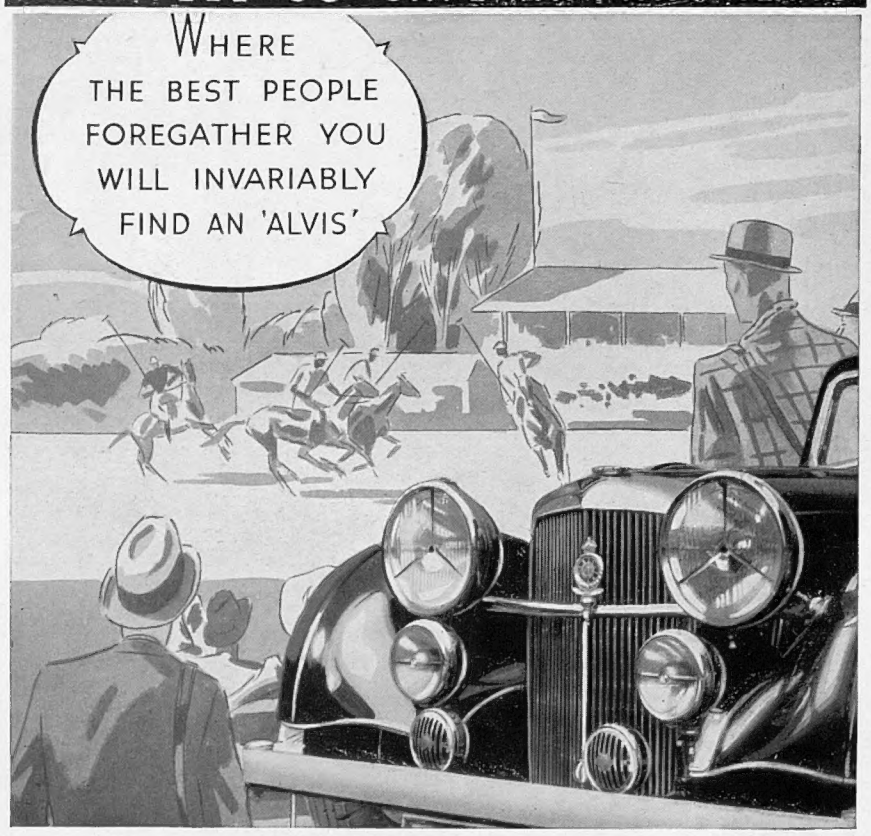

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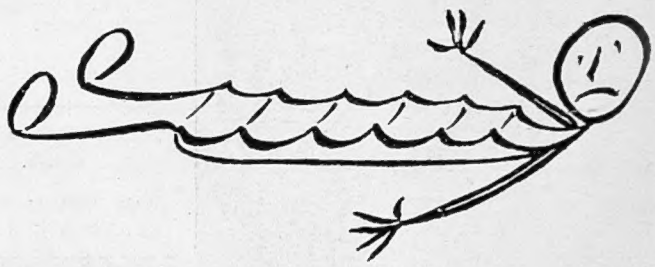

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THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, May 14, 1938

LONDON'S BALLOON BARRAGE

Lighter-Than-Air Craft Which in Time of Emergency will Form a Great Protective Ring Round the Metropolis

That the Government is becoming more alive to the dangers that would beset London in time of war is increasingly apparent, for there is cause for satisfaction in the knowledge that active steps are being taken in certain vital directions to prepare for eventualities. The Home Department, with its policy of gas masks for the million and recruitment of air raid wardens, the War Office, with its training of efficient anti-aircraft units, and the Air Ministry, with its "Hurricane" fighters drilled in the art of the rapid "getaway" when leaving aerodromes to counter bomber attacks, have all demonstrated their energy during the past few months, and now comes the additionally comforting news that the R.A.F. is further providing for the safety of the civilian population by the creation of a mighty barrage, consisting of a fleet of captive balloons, each held to the ground by heavy steel cables, which will, if and when occasion arises, form a protective ring round the entire metropolis. In order to surmount this barrage enemy machines would have to fly very high, and their bombing would thus be shorn of much of its accuracy, while to go beneath the balloons would be courting disaster through contact with the cables. Several hundreds of balloons have already been constructed, and on Empire Air Day visitors to the R.A.F. station at Cardington, Bedfordshire, will have an opportunity of seeing them and of witnessing the work of the trainees at the newly created Balloon Barrage School. (*See* pages 288–289)

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"MINDFUL OF THE GLORIOUS TRADITION OF THE QUEEN'S, I have every confidence in trusting to you these Colours," said Queen Mary at Croydon last Saturday when she presented new Colours, the gift of the ladies of the district, to the 4th (Territorial) Battalion, the Queen's Royal Regiment (West Surrey), to replace those presented by Lord Roberts in 1910. The ceremony took place on the beautifully situated cricket field of Whitgift School, known as Haling Park

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

32–34 ST. BRIDE STREET, E.C. 4
Wednesday, May 11, 1938.

A.R.P.—Firstly, let me say that those readers who took seriously my little broadside on Britain's carnival time wasted their indignation. I employed the weapon of sarcasm to stimulate public spirit, and when I said that from now until the end of the summer holidays Britain would be too seriously preoccupied with flat-racing, test cricket, lawn tennis, etc., to worry about European problems, A.R.P., and other stark realities, I was using as a whip with which to flagellate our countrymen a European criticism of Britain. There is no doubt that the public is not responding as it should to the mild and polite "suggestion" employed by the Home Secretary in his A.R.P. campaign. And there is no halfway in this A.R.P. question, as Commander King-Hall has told his flock. Either the risk of the bombing of England by Germany —for there is no other air-fleet worth suspecting—is moonshine, or it is a fair business possibility any day. One can only assume that the Government adopts the second alternative; and in that case nothing short of meticulous preparation and repeated rehearsals to the point of word-perfection is likely to be effective. In A.R.P. we cannot guard against all risks. We must make up our minds about the gravest and concentrate on them. Many must agree that the issues still need clarifying if the public is to conscript itself voluntarily. And the following points might reasonably be urged on the authorities by amateurs, who generally admit that the Government is in the best possible position to *know best*.

EIGHT POINTS.—(1) We should concentrate on those points in our congested island where the risks are most obvious. We should devote our national efforts to the capital, the great cities, and towns of 50,000 inhabitants upwards, and leave Slocum Parva to face war risks unaided and unadvised. The odds against any individual who lives in a country village being killed by an aerial bomb during the first month of a war involving Britain and Germany are longer than the daily risk of his death on the roads in peace time. Not even Germany can cover every acre of England with bombs in a month. (2) In A.R.P. for our larger towns and strategic points, we should regard incendiary and explosive bombs as the *chief* risk; not gas bombs. The experiences of aerial bombardment in Spain, and the conclusions of competent scientists therefrom, seem convincing on this point. (3) Accordingly, the evacuation of "surplus" population from the cities should be studied and rehearsed constantly until every soul knows whither to fly to and where to concentrate for transport and with what allowance of food and luggage. (4) The concentration of arms-factories and arms-depots in great cities should be rigorously checked at once. Let us take to heart the lesson of Barcelona. (5) Alternative headquarters for Government and organisation services should be pressed on to completion. (6) And every individual capable of service during an emergency should be earmarked and instructed—the rural organisations using their machinery to recruit private motor transport to aid in the evacuation of named sections of threatened cities nearest to their locality, to arrange concentration camps for the evacuated and to organise the supply of food, water and shelter for them, and to arrange for the control of local sections of the roads. (7) It is impossible to guard against all risks. The rural population should be used to mitigate the far greater risks threatening the city dwellers. The country dweller, ear-marked for transport work, no doubt needs a gas-mask. But it is difficult to approve the principle of elaborate precautions for the countryside until the congested centres have been made as safe as possible by a concerted and intense national effort stimulated by something more than a polite request for volunteers. (8) At the moment we are playing at A.R.P.—half heartedly and ineffectively.

THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.—*Noblesse oblige* may be a trite phrase but it remains a great ideal and one to-day far harder to uphold than ever it was in the days of privilege. Those who succeed sacrifice more than was ever dreamed of by those who coined the saying or kept the ideal alive as a guide to the conduct of men of high birth and great wealth. Of the old nobility of Britain, if one were to seek out those Houses which had best maintained the ideal in the past centuries, he could not fail to place in the first half-dozen the houses of Cavendish, Fitzmaurice and Cecil. That fact is an earnest that the high traditions maintained by the 9th Duke and the Duchess of Devonshire will be continued undiminished (so far as crippling taxation admits) by their successors, Lord and Lady Hartington, the former half Cavendish, half Fitzmaurice, the latter a Cecil. Both have proved themselves. Common sense, simplicity of manner and life, and silent, unadvertised public service have long been the leading attributes of the heads of the House of Cavendish. When Mr. Victor Cavendish succeeded his uncle, the 8th Duke of Devonshire, he had already completed many years of valuable public service in the lower House, and had fitted himself by hard work for the management of great estates. He succeeded to a princely heritage which included Devonshire House, Chatsworth, Bolton Abbey, Hardwick Hall, Lismore Castle, Waterford, Compton Place, Eastbourne, Holker Hall, Lancashire, and a score of lesser country estates. Of these Holker passed to his brother, and Compton Place and Lismore are already in the possession of his sons, while Devonshire House is a memory. In those days it was possible for landowners on that princely scale to visit and live at all their estates in rotation. But even then the 9th Duke of Devonshire pursued unadvertised the great ideal and always put service first. He held various offices under Government and served his turn in local affairs, and more than once undertook from a stern sense of duty thankless tasks and ungrateful functions. During the great war he felt it his duty to accept the pressure of the Government to succeed the Duke of Connaught as

THE HOUSE OF CAVENDISH BEREAVED: *Left*—A portrait in Masonic regalia of the ninth Duke of Devonshire whose death last week at his historic home, Chatsworth, removes from the national life a sterling figure with a long record of devoted and unbroken public service. He succeeded his uncle in 1908, and during the great war became Governor-General of Canada, in succession to the Duke of Connaught, and later Secretary of State for the Colonies. During his short term of office in the latter capacity the Duke managed, amid a great deal of other sound, unobtrusive work, to present forcibly the case for settlement within the Empire. *Right*—The new Duke of Devonshire, Parliamentary Under Secretary for the Dominions, with his twenty-year-old son who now becomes Marquess of Hartington

THE NEW LORD HARLECH: The Rt. Hon. W. Ormsby-Gore, Secretary of State for the Colonies, who succeeds to the title on the death of his octogenarian father. It is a singular coincidence that he and his brother-in-law, the new Duke of Devonshire, who are both members of the Government, should have been translated to the House of Lords within two days of one another

Governor-General of Canada. He never sought popularity but Canadians of all opinions and types found him a man after their own heart and his term of office is still freshly and warmly remembered. From that he passed on to the Colonial Office and wore himself out with the worries of the Wembley Exhibition, which owed to him more of its success than has ever been disclosed. He had never sought office and when there was no more urgent need of his services, he retired gladly but with broken health, and the last ten years of his life were clouded by illness. But from beginning to end of his life he held a variety of important posts in public life and played a major part in the direction of local affairs and the welfare of his tenants and neighbours. He was a true Englishman. It is due, in large measure, to men like him—few enough—that the system of great territorial magnates has survived into this changed era and that all sorts and conditions of men whose logical faculties are not fogged by prejudice or envy, can still see what was valuable in that system, when character, common sense, responsibility and uprightness convert privilege into a stern trusteeship.

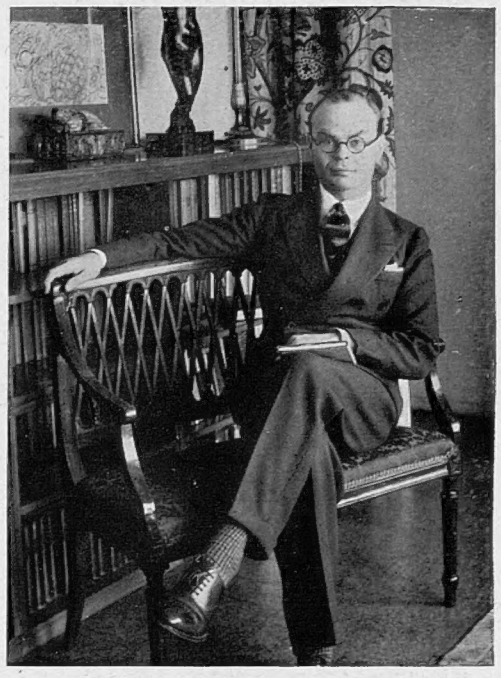
LEST ...NDAL HORDES DESCEND upon it "The Sphere" does not mention ...re this magnificent array of bluebells is to be seen, but it is some...re in southern England and, according to the photographer who took the ...ure, "he has never seen blooms so large. "They remind me," he ...es, "of passages in that delightful book, *The Joyous Adventurer*"

A... ADEMY BANQUET.— M... Churchill is a finished speaker. O...casionally his confidence in his g...at powers betrays him. That t...ling hesitation, that nerve-racking, art-produced pause, that carelessly-ordered pseudo-ex-tempore, draw out too long the matter of his discourse and one almost welcomes the swiftly read speech of his successor. For in public speaking even the born orator knows that his *matter* must be rough-hewn. His ideas must be few, simple and always platitudinous. He must weave his artistic variations on a trite theme and say in his beautiful language the obvious, the platitudinous, the nursery maxim—that in union lies strength, that honesty is the best policy, that discipline is good, that virtue is (or has) its own reward. And as I listened to that finished artist in words and delivery at the R.A. banquet, I thought: The life of a Minister or public servant nowadays is hard indeed. He earns his salary even on the new scale. And, among all the hardships of his working week, is there any more severe than the duty imposed on him thrice or more every week of eating a public meal and thereafter listening to public speeches by colleagues or contemporaries whose art he knows inside out and whose enforced platitudes he learned in his nursery? He hears them repeating what he has just said and what he must say again and listen to again to-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow. I am sorry for Mr. Chamberlain and for some of his colleagues. It is hard to hit upon any regular duty of a public servant more grievous to bear than his perpetual attendance at public banquets and their terrible aftermath.

ACADEMY—PIOUS PILGRIMAGE.—During the thirty-odd years that I have visited the Academy in May (other than at a private view) I have never met an acquaintance. From this I argue that my friends are not interested in art or that they are all included in that circle of the elect who are bidden to the feast or première. Modesty suggests the former alternative as correct. There is a third possibility at which I will not hint. So I did the round, undistracted by social interludes; and generally I thought the level of merit higher than usual (and hope I shall not irritate the rejected by saying so). I confess that I did not think the royal portraits do justice to their subjects and themes, notably Mr. Gill's portrait of the Queen. Nor is there much effort at portraiture in the attendant figures in the Coronation scene by Mr. Salisbury. The features of the 1938 Academy which most pleased me were those "architectural" landscapes, done in the eighteenth-century tradition, by Mr. Oliver Hall and Mr. Algernon Newton, of which "The Home Farm, Waddon," and "Villa Starhemberg," and "Wimpole Hall" are admirable examples. No one offered to present me with any two pictures in the exhibition which I might select. If any had done so, I should emphatically have plumped for No. 76 and No. 78, or perhaps No. 451, the works of Messrs. Phillips, Friedenson, and Newton. With any of these little gems I should be happy to live.

ANOTHER REFLECTION.—"I have often thought that if one reckoned up the relative value of the benefactors of humanity, the great creative artists must come near the top." "Those who devote themselves to the study and practice of art and do not hope themselves to acquire material wealth, nevertheless bear an important and essential part in the national scheme." These and other dewdrops were (and are once annually) broadcast by the Premier among the fraternity of the arts. They are broadcast with every evidence of sincerity—and there the matter ends. In our *modern democracy* the method of rewarding merit and those who play the most important and essential parts in the national scheme is still, as in the days of privilege, a device known as Honours and Rewards. Titles and ribbons are handed out twice yearly. And for every hundred of the more important gewgaws handed out, ninety-nine go still to political party servers, industrial princes, employers of labour, civil servants, serving officers, courtiers and the like on a fixed, ascending, and reduplicating basis, while one is reserved—to receive the Press commentary employed for a sensational item of news—for merit in some branch of art or literature. Well may those who attend the R.A. banquet to listen or to speak keep their tongues in their cheeks and remember that Art is long and not likely to grow fat.

CURSING FRANCO.—My lady correspondent from Boston has bobbed up again after a period of silence. I am sorry to say she is one of those who call General Franco "Bloody Franco," all along of the bombing of Barcelona to which I have made reference all too often of late. I will not, therefore, stress again the great qualities of this single-minded patriot, who has such thousands of admirers in this country and all over the world. It seems that in America (with headquarters perhaps in Boston) a cult of Franco-cursing has arisen. The votaries employ the technique of the witches of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. These Boston Spinsters and others get together every evening at 10 p.m. (no other engagement may stand in the way) and withdraw their minds from mundane preoccupations to concentrate the united electric waves of mental hate and curses on the General, on his wife and on his daughter, Carmen. The curses they invoke are too terrible for my correspondent to write down, and with daily practice the concentration of hate grows more and more terrific. Whether the jackdaw is one penny the worse I do not know. The witches are optimistic. Personally, I think it rather hard luck on the Señora and Señorita. Anyway, it is an interesting light on cultivated Boston and America. Will the craze come across to England, as crosswords and other fashions did and do? I rather hope not. Cursing is a two-edged weapon, superstition is still very rife and—you never know.



LIKE FATHER, LIKE SON! Thirty-six-year-old Mr. John Rothenstein (son of Sir William Rothenstein, distinguished painter and writer on artistic subjects), who has just been appointed Director of the Tate Gallery at a salary of £1,400 a year, being the youngest person ever to hold this post. He is a nephew of Sir William Orpen and has written very widely upon art

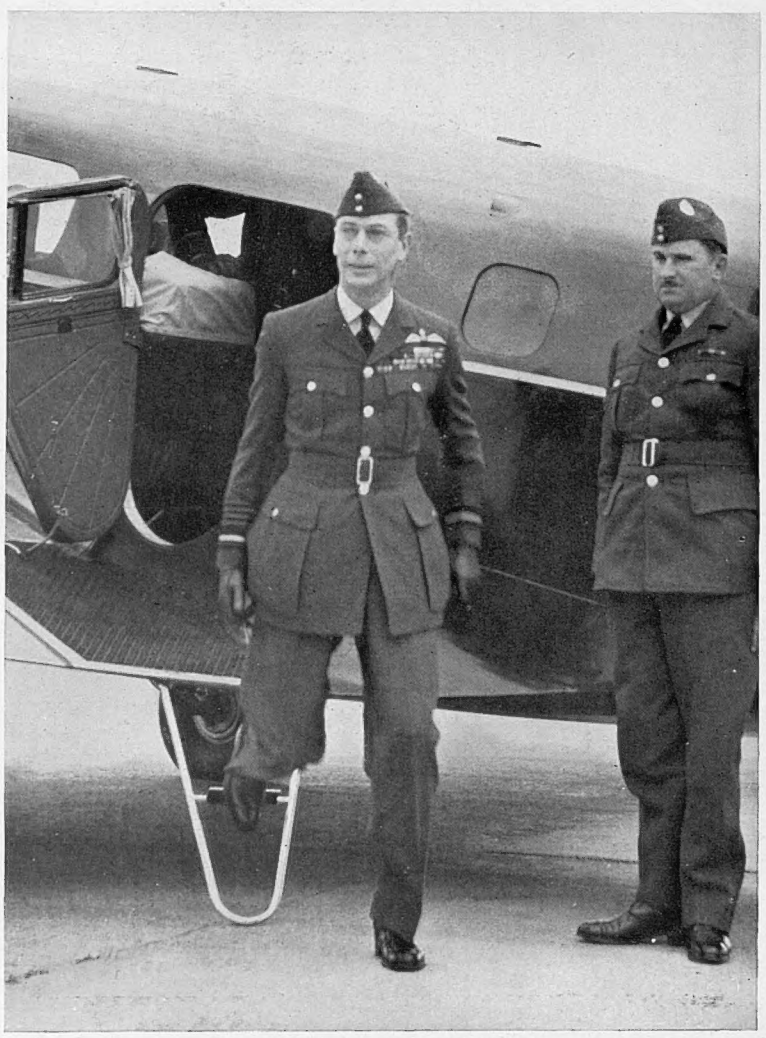
THE CLIVEDEN SET.—Yes, it is one more mare's nest. One more Mrs. Harris. One more political scarecrow, or Aunt Sally, set up to frighten the underdog or to give healthy exercise and excitement to those who love to throw stones and mud. The great ducal house, set in lovely surroundings on the banks of the Thames, may well have, in the last days of the age of privilege when first Mrs. Waldorf Astor swam into the ken of London Society, trembled for its traditions of exclusiveness. For looking back over the years, one must in justice confess that Cliveden under the present regime has stood for catholicity of opinion, has been a stronghold of true liberalism. A set, no! Wits might describe it more reasonably as a menagerie. For whom in the last thirty years might you not have met there? Men and women of all types, classes, and political shades of opinion. Labour members, soldiers from the outposts of Empire, writers, princes, preachers, social workers, duchesses, young and old, cranks and pedants, racing men and dons, rich and poor. Whatever Cliveden has stood for in the past generation, it is not for one political creed, or for one exclusive ideal, social or political. It is a kaleidoscope, not a microscope; a nursery garden, not an orchid house. It is Frith's "Derby Day," not a portrait of a nobleman.

THE OLD STAGER

GERMANY'S NEW AMBASSADOR TO THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S: His Excellency Dr. Herbert von Dirksen (towards right in foreground) seen as he was about to leave the German Embassy for Buckingham Palace where he presented the Letters of Recall of his predecessor, Herr von Ribbentrop, and his own Letters of Credence. The Ambassador and his suite drove in three semi-state landaus with coachmen and footmen in scarlet livery. Sir Sidney Clive, the Marshal of the Diplomatic Corps, is seen in plumed hat towards the centre of the group

THE KING SEES THE WORK OF THE R.A.F.

His 200-Mile Flying Tour of Four of the Leading Air Stations



THE KING WITH HIS FLYING MEN: His Majesty leaving his blue and scarlet plane on arrival at the new coastal reconnaissance station at Thorney Island, Portsmouth, during the course of his 200-mile air tour last Monday in which he visited four important Royal Air Force stations and gained a first-hand knowledge of current developments in the service

SIDELIGHT ON A LIGHTNING TOUR: The King enjoying a joke with Air Vice-Marshal Gossage (left), commander of No. 11 (Fighter) Group, and Group Captain A. H. Orlebar (right), of Schneider Trophy fame, on arrival at Northolt aerodrome during the course of his aerial tour

THE SCENE OF TRAGEDY: An aerial view of Markham Colliery, near Chesterfield, showing ambulances waiting to receive the casualties and crowds gathered at the pit head after the explosion early on Tuesday morning when about eighty men, who were about to return to the surface with their colleagues at the close of the night shift, lost their lives

HOPING AGAINST HOPE: Relatives standing at the pit head at the Markham Colliery while the work of rescue went on. It was a tragic spectacle, and many had to wait hours before they knew the worst as the task of identification occupied some time

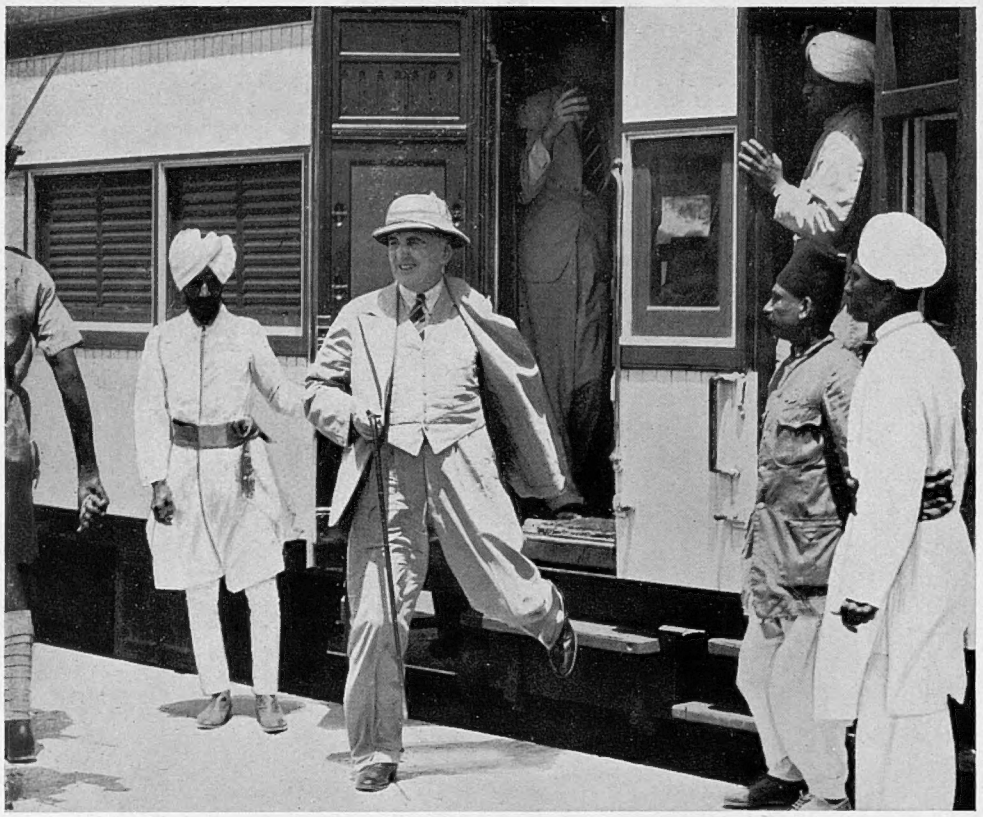
MINGLED FEAR AND ANXIETY ON EVERY FACE: A tragic picture of children waiting at the pit head to learn the fate of their fathers. Many a family in the coalfield has now lost its breadwinner and in some pitiful cases fathers and their sons were involved

THE MARKHAM PIT DISASTER:

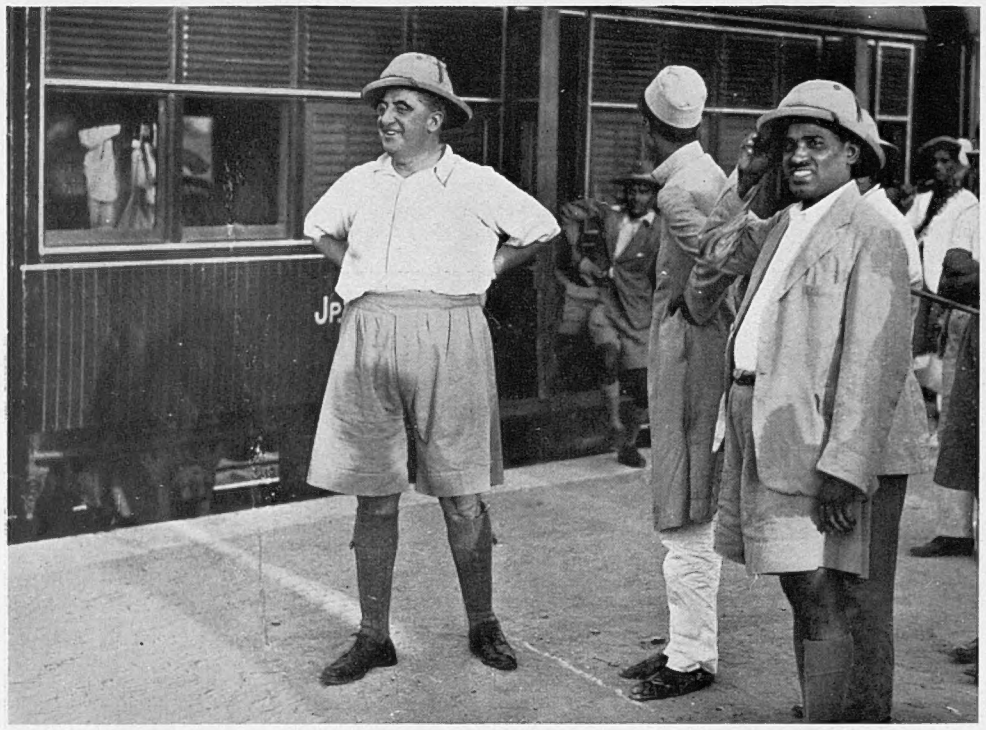
Eighty Men Lose Their Lives in the Most Serious Explosion Since Gresford: Stricken Families Congregate at the Colliery

A RESCUE SQUAD being fitted with respirators before descending the Markham Pit to assist in the work of rescue. The mine is 700 yards deep, being one of the deepest in the North Notts and Derbyshire coalfield. The men on the ill-fated shift who were overtaken by the explosion were nearly all in the return airway, which received the full blast of gas and smoke, and this accounts for the heavy casualties. Very few were able to reach the main travelling road, where the air was clearer. This is the second colliery disaster this year and in its seriousness recalls the disaster at Gresford, near Wrexham, in 1934 when 265 lost their lives

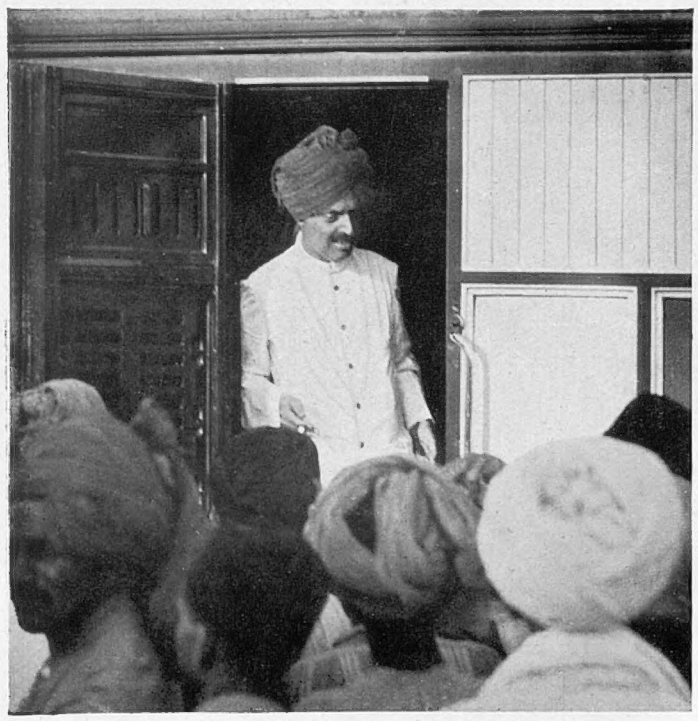
". . . AND WOMEN MUST WEEP": Miners' wives leaving the Markham Colliery after hearing the news. Later in the day came a message of sympathy from the King in which he said:—"The Queen and I are shocked to hear of the terrible explosion and of the heavy loss of life involved. Please convey our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved relatives and to those who are still in anxiety. We should also like to be informed how the injured are progressing"



THE SMILING MEDIATOR: Mr. Arthur Cunningham Lothian, Agent to the Governor-General in Rajputana and, as such, Administrator of Ajmer, arriving at Sikar to deal with the serious crisis that arose there towards the end of last month when the Rao Raja of the chiefship of Sikar protested against the decision of his overlord, the Maharaja of Jaipur, to take with him to England the heir-apparent of Sikar before his marriage had been celebrated. Not receiving a favourable answer, the Rao Raja resorted to arms, and it was thought at first that there would be a violent clash. Fortunately, British diplomacy saved the day and the incident, it seems, is now closed



AN AIR OF CONFIDENCE: Mr. F. S. Young, British Inspector-General of the Jaipur Police, monocled and clad in an open-necked shirt and shorts, seen at Sikar station on his arrival to deal with the situation arising from the Rao Raja of Sikar's dramatic action in defying the Maharaja of Jaipur

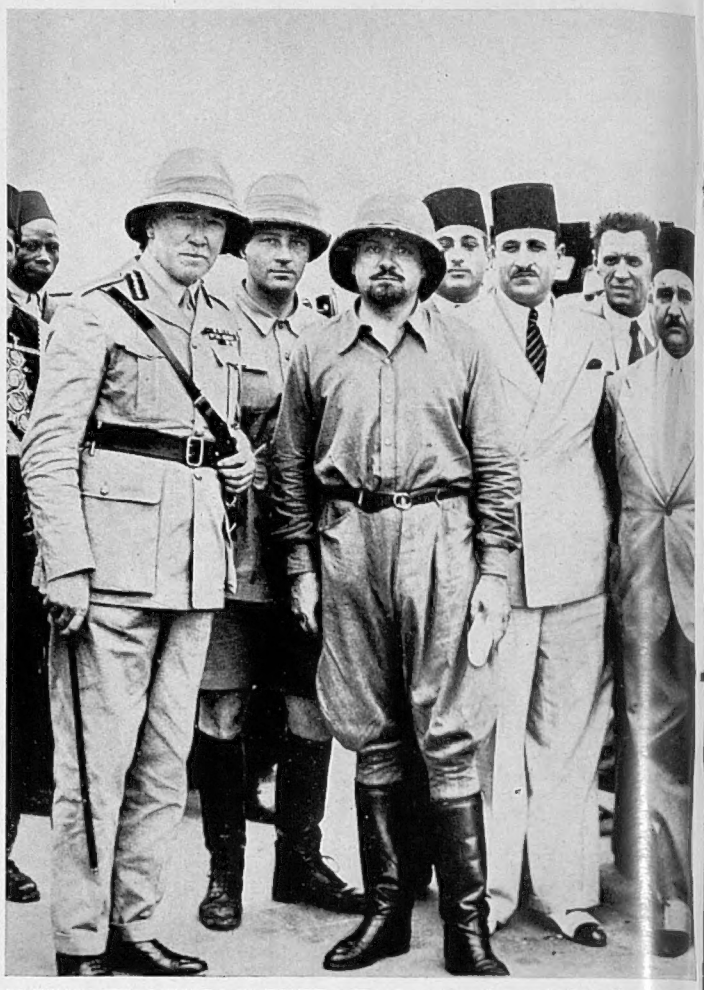


RAJPUTANA CHIEF DEFIES MAHARAJA

There was much apprehension in Rajputana, India, last month when the Rao Raja of Sikar, failing to obtain satisfaction as a result of a protest to his overlord, the Maharaja of Jaipur, called the people of Sikar to come to his aid. Some days later it was reported he had closed the gates of his capital and was ready to withstand a siege from the forces of Jaipur which had gathered outside. Fortunately, however, matters were amicably settled with the arrival of Mr. A. C. Lothian, the British agent, who persuaded the Rao Raja to lay down his arms and to accompany him to Ajmer, there to discuss the whole matter fully

On left—THE DRAMA OVER: The Rao Raja of Sikar about to leave his capital by train for Ajmer after British mediation had ended his dispute with the Maharaja of Jaipur

WAY OF THE WORLD:



MARSHAL ITALO BALBO IN EGYPT: The Governor-General of Italian Libya pictured (centre) on arrival at the Cairo Airport when on his way from Libya to pay a visit to Italy's new colony in Abyssinia. The Marshal, it may be remembered, was formerly Italian air minister

LOOKING AHEAD: Miss Hiroko Hata (right), superintendent of the Yatsubashira nurseries in Tokyo, showing a friend some of the trees and shrubs she has planted during the past three years, and which will, in 1940, adorn the grounds of the big Tokyo International Exhibition, which will doubtless attract visitors from all parts of the world

MARSHAL BALBO IN EGYPT : BUDDHISTS CELEBRATE : BAPTISING PRINCESS BEATRIX OF THE NETHERLANDS : THE "LAFAYETTE" GUTTED : EXCITEMENT ON THE PARIS BOURSE AS PREMIER DALADIER DEVALUES

THE CHRISTENING OF HOLLAND'S LITTLE PRINCESS: Craftsmen engaged in putting the finishing touches to the new font specially made for the baptism of Princess Beatrix, three-months-old daughter of Princess Juliana and Prince Bernhard, which it was arranged should take place on Thursday at the Groote Kerk, Protestant Cathedral in The Hague

BLAZING FROM STEM TO STERN: The 26,400 tons luxury liner *Lafayette*, of the Compagnie Générale Transatlantique, in the grip of the flames after she had caught fire in dry dock at Le Havre. Many of the fire fighters had narrow escapes, and it was found quite impossible to save the ship, her cabins and public rooms being completely gutted. She has been in the North Atlantic service for only eight years and is the third important French liner to be destroyed by fire within the last six years

E FEAST OF WESAK: Buddhists in all parts of the world have been meeting this week to commemorate the birth of Buddha, each community celebrating in its own individual way. In Ceylon, for instance, it is a common sight at this time to see, as depicted here, great stacks of coconuts ingeniously built into triumphal archways

FRANCE DEVALUES THE FRANC: This was the animated scene on the Paris Bourse during the dealings following Premier Daladier's statement that the franc would be stabilised at 179 as compared with the previously ruling figure round about 160. French Government stock recorded spectacular rises and the repatriation of capital was on a notable scale, many of those Frenchmen who had sent money abroad when the Blum government came to power bringing it back to reap a 150% reward

AS WINTER TURNS TO SPRING in Moscow the ice that for 150 or more days in every year covers the waters of the Moskva River breaks up into floes and glides towards the sea, a signal to all that the days of intense cold are over and nature, strongly re-assertive, will soon be coming once again to life. It has been found that on an average the Moskva is frozen from mid November to mid April, but the period is sometimes considerably longer. The past winter has been particularly hard in Russia

THE CAPE TOWN OF THE FUTURE: A picture overprinted to show how under the new scheme a vast dock is to be constructed in Table Bay to accommodate the Union Castle mail steamers and other vessels and, in addition, a large area, amounting to 360 acres, is to be reclaimed from the sea. This will provide sites for building purposes, new streets, and gardens, and, it is estimated, the metropolitan area will be approximately doubled. How this will be occupied is a matter of absorbing interest, and there is no doubt the opportunity is there to make Cape Town one of the most modern seaports in the Southern Hemisphere, rivalling Sydney and Rio de Janeiro. Adderley Street, principal thoroughfare of the city, will extend twice its present length, stretching far out beyond the pier

AUSTRALIAN BRIDE FOR WELSH PEER: Miss Doreen Guiness Jowett, only daughter of Captain and Mrs. Arthur Jowett, of Toorak, Melbourne, leaving St. James's, Piccadilly, after her marriage to Viscount St. Davids. The bride wore a gown of ivory-coloured satin. The St. Davids family traces its ancestry to the eleventh century, being linked with the lords of South Wales

A PRETTY WEDDING IN A SUSSEX VILLAGE: Captain Sir Walter de Stopham Barttelot, the Coldstream Guards, and his bride, Miss Sarah Ravenscroft, only daughter of Lieut.-Colonel Herbert Ravenscroft, of The Abbey, Storrington, Sussex, leaving St. Mary's, Storrington, followed by the bridesmaids in dresses of gold tulle and wide-brimmed straw hats

CAPE TOWN TO BE DOUBLED IN SIZE

A Vast Acreage to be Reclaimed from Table Bay and Converted into New Docks, Building Sites, and Boulevards

CAPE TOWN is preparing for an unprecedented boom in trade and employment, for soon her trade and harbour facilities will be second to none on Empire trade routes. On May 10 all Table Bay was outlined by three miles of electric lights ceremonially switched on by General Hertzog to welcome tugs, barges, and dredgers arrived from Amsterdam to reclaim some 360 acres of land from the sea. The contract went, of course, to a Dutch firm—the Dutch have the unique experience of the Zuyder Zee feat. Britain is represented by a £180,000 contract secured by the British Steel Piling Company to supply over 9,500 tons of steel. The South African Railways and Harbours Administration accepted the lowest tender (at a little over £1,125,000) of the Hollandsche Anneming Maatschappij. The contract will take 3½ years to complete and the entire Cape Town development programme will take ten years.

A great new sea wall is to be thrown out halfway round the bay to where the present dock wall projects. The reclaimed land will become streets, factories, offices, a new city hall, a basin for liners and perhaps warships. £3,000,000 is a very conservative estimate of the cost. Mail steamers will berth along the inside wall of the new basin which will lie across the end of Adderley Street, Cape Town's main thoroughfare running from the shore towards the mountains, which at present ends by the sea in a dirty, noisy goods yard.

Table Mountain stands in the way of the city's rapid inland expansion. Roads and railways must extend. Eight months ago it was reckoned that only 236 acres would be needed. But reclamation must be on a large scale to prove a good investment. It is now calculated that the new-gotten land will roughly double the city's metropolitan area. These plans are the result of two years' negotiation between the city council and the railways, which administer all South African harbours and which will foot five-sixths of the bill. They expect to reclaim most of their expenditure, too, by selling commercial and building sites.

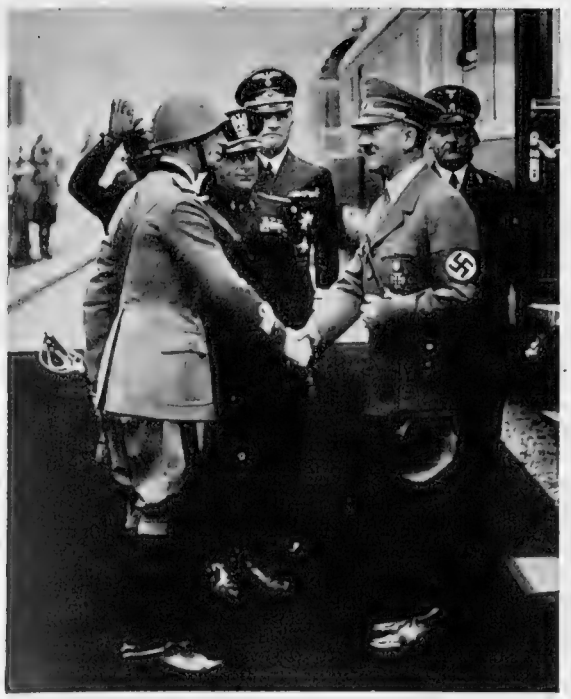
During the past winter the city engineer and his town-planning assistant have been in Brazil studying the layout of Rio de Janeiro, whose local conditions are similar to those of Cape Town. Back in the South African capital, they will double the length of Adderley Street, laid out generously as a boulevard; once again it will become the *heerengracht*, or gentlemen's walk, as of old, to which passengers disembarking from ships at the three new £800,000 deep-water berths will come direct. The old railway station is to be moved, a new one built. Nothing will offend the eye; a strip of gardens between docks and city will screen sheds and railway tracks.

Compared with the Zuyder Zee feat, the task is comparatively simple for the Dutch engineers. The groundwork was begun as early as last June, two months before any detailed public announcement, when a mole a mile and a half long was pushed out from Woodstock.

Alan Jenkins

HERR HITLER ACCLAIMED IN ITALY

And Czechoslovakian Citizens Stage a Monster Pro-Republican Demonstration

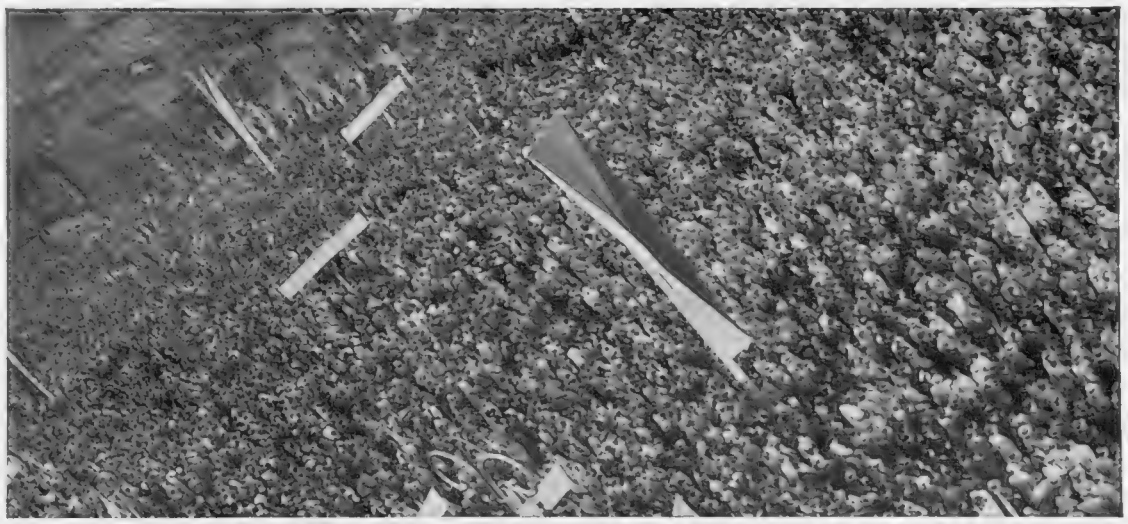


THE FUHRER WELCOMED ON ITALIAN SOIL: Chancellor Hitler being greeted by the Duke of Pistoia on behalf of King Victor Emmanuel when he arrived at the Brenner Pass after his long journey across Germany. The Chancellor then re-entered the train and continued on to Rome

FUHRER, MONARCH, AND DUCE: King Victor Emmanuel and Signor Mussolini pictured together at the Ostiense Station, Rome, where they welcomed Chancellor Hitler (left) on his arrival for the most momentous and magnificently staged State visit that has taken place in Italy in modern times. After the exchange of greetings King Victor Emmanuel and Herr Hitler drove together in a procession through the brilliantly-lit streets to the Quirinal Palace. Signor Mussolini drove off on his own, almost unnoticed

THE TRIUMPHAL DRIVE TO THE QUIRINAL: *Left*—Chancellor Hitler and King Victor Emmanuel, the heads of their respective states, riding together in an open landau through the brilliantly illuminated streets of Rome following the Führer's arrival last week. *Right*—The enthusiastic scene in front of the Palace as the King and his guest appeared, with other members of the German entourage, on the balcony and saluted again and again in reply to the acclamations of the throng

URGING THE MAINTENANCE OF CZECHOSLOVAKIAN UNITY: A speaker addressing the mass meeting held in Prague last week when 200,000 citizens showed in no uncertain terms their opposition to the German minority demands



THE RISING TIDE OF POLITICAL FEELING IN PRAGUE: A glimpse of the immense crowd, estimated at 200,000 strong, which gathered in the Czechoslovakian capital last week to declare its allegiance to the cause of republican unity and democratic government; a demonstration organised as a counterblast to the bold demands of the German minority, led by Herr Henlein, which, among other things, wishes to set up an autonomous Nazi government within the State's framework

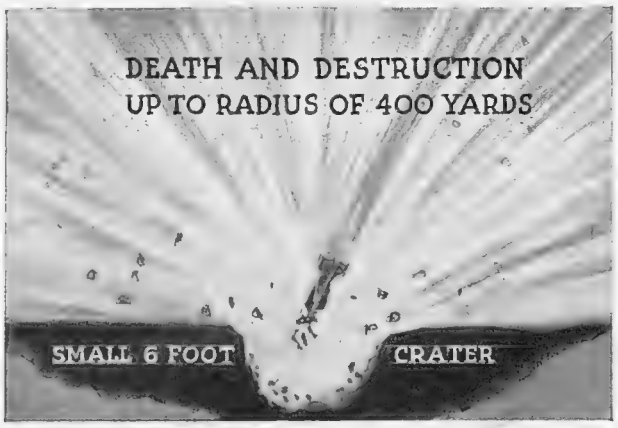
On right—THERE WERE BANNERS EVERYWHERE: A group of demonstrators at the great mass meeting in Prague

b

LESSONS OF THE BARCELONA AIR RAIDS

An M.P. Tells How the Improved Type of Bomb Can Do Incredible Damage Over A Wide Area

THE NEW TERROR FROM THE SKIES: Houses reduced to a mass of rubble and a metal lamp standard knocked awry by the force of the explosion. A picture taken in Barcelona recently when General Franco's airmen delivered the most deadly attacks of the Spanish Civil War, employing improved types of 220 lb., 500 lb., and 650 lb. high explosive bombs. *Above*—The interior of a building laid bare through the collapse of a main wall. According to Mr. Duncan Sandys, M.P., who has lately returned from a visit to the Catalan capital, the new bombs have very little penetrative power, but their "explosive expansion in a lateral direction is devastating"



NO PENETRATIVE POWER, BUT . . . A sketch showing how the bombs dropped over Barcelona only penetrate the ground to a depth of about 6 ft., instead spreading out laterally

THE visit to Barcelona of Mr. Duncan Sandys, M.P., of the Parliamentary Air Raid Precautions Committee, has revealed, on his evidence, some remarkable facts concerning the effects of aerial bombardment in that stricken city, and the things he has made known since his return would seem to indicate that air raids to-day have a destructive power many times greater than most people in this country have up to now been prepared to believe.

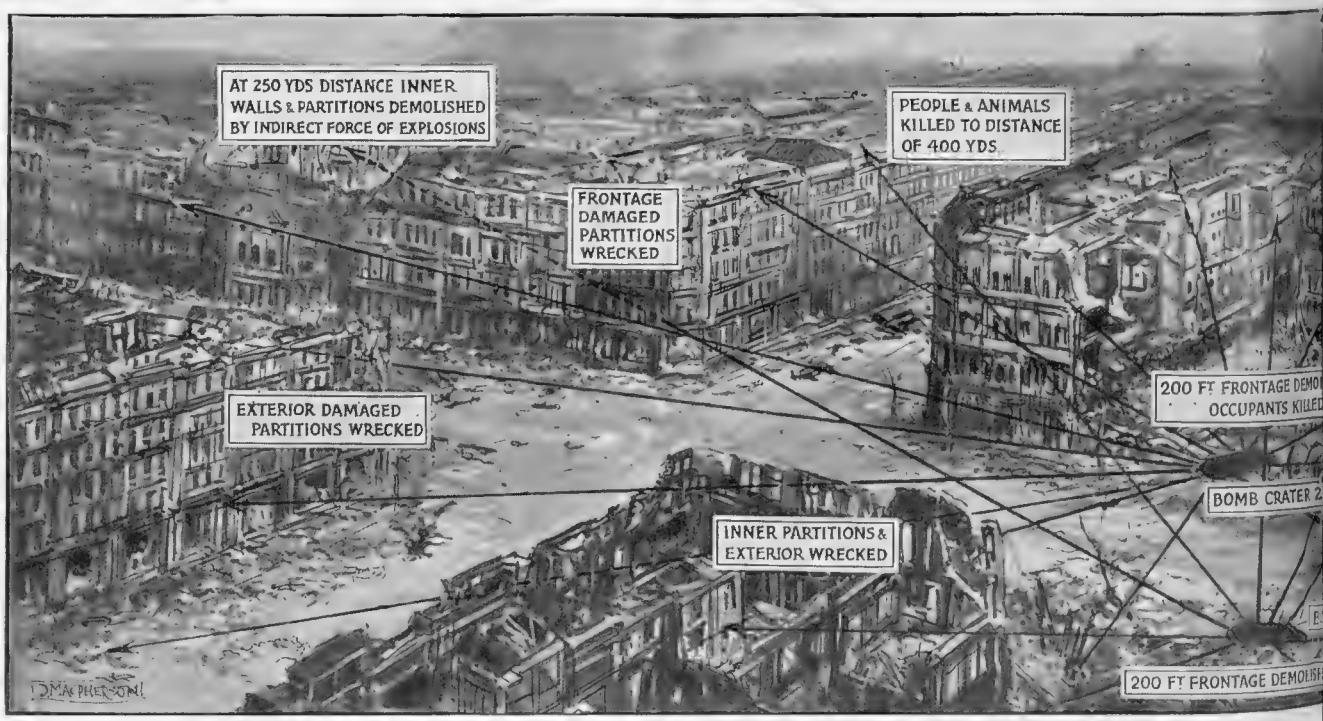
In a recent article on the subject in *The Daily Telegraph and Morning Post* Mr. Sandys wrote:—

"The modern high-speed German and Italian bombers which carry out the raids on Barcelona can cover the 110 miles from their base in Majorca in a little over 25 minutes. They fly at a height of about 20,000 ft., and in order to avoid detection by the sound locators of the searchlight units, they throttle down their engines while they are still well out at sea and come gliding in over the city, as often as not unobserved until the last moment. Within the space of a few seconds they have discharged their deadly load on to the roofs below and are already speeding back to their island base.

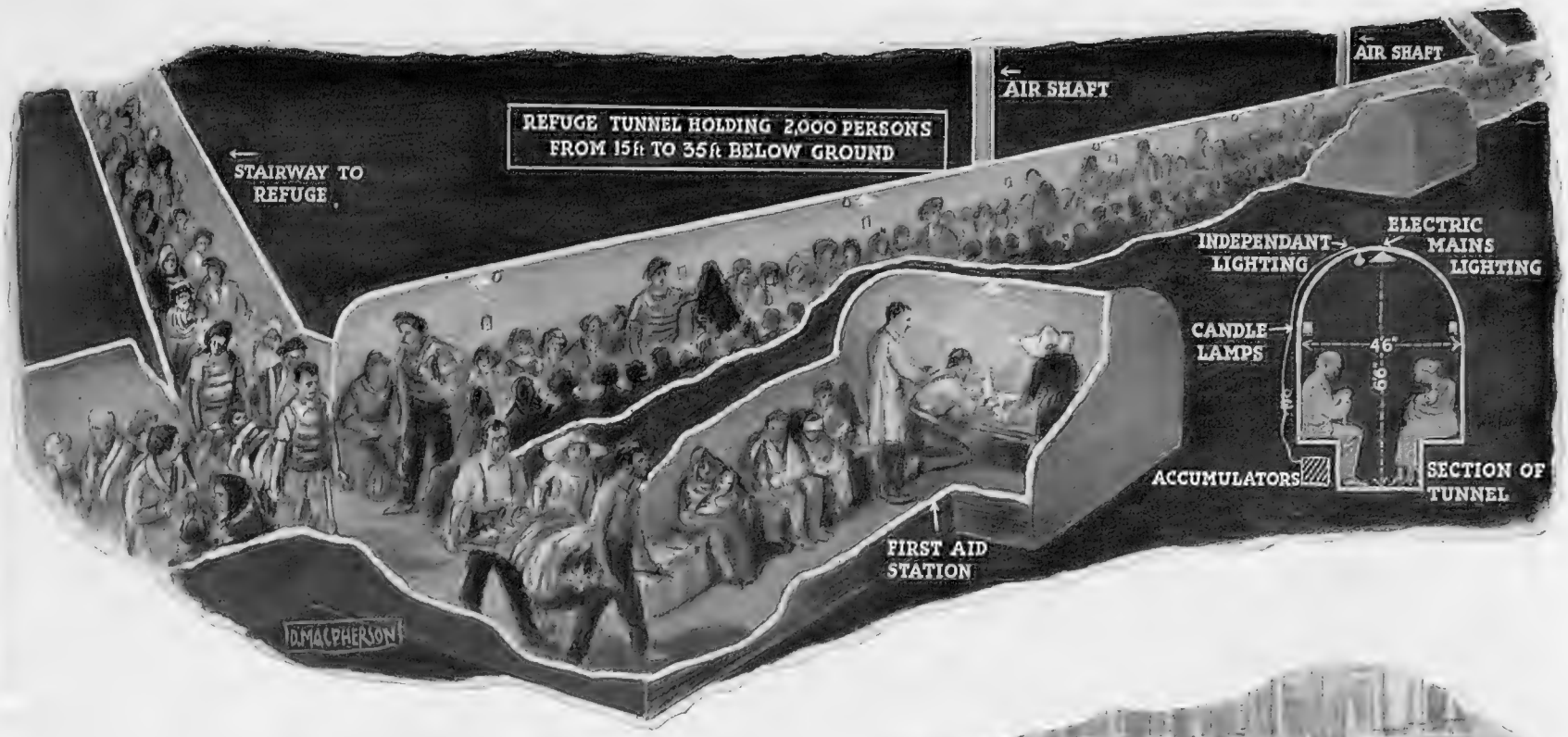
"The commander of the anti-aircraft defences told me that from the point of view of their mechanical performance the latest types of German and Italian planes were equally deadly.

"Barcelona has been subjected to a long series of air attacks extending over many months. But the visitation which occurred on March 16, 17 and 18 far surpassed all the rest in its

On right—REDUCED TO A SHAMBLES: According to Mr. Duncan Sandys, this Barcelona laboratory was wrecked by the indirect force of a bomb which fell in the street at a point 250 yards away and provides remarkable evidence of the immense lateral expansion of the missiles now being used by insurgent bombers



HOW TWO BOMBS WRECKED A NEIGHBOURHOOD is shown in this diagrammatic sketch specially drawn for "The Sphere" and compiled from information given by Mr. Duncan Sandys, M.P. for the Norwood Division, who, as a representative of the Parliamentary Air Raid Precautions Committee, recently visited Barcelona to study on the spot the extent of the material destruction caused by the insurgent air raids. Only two bombs were dropped: it will be seen how they each wrecked a 200 ft. frontages and wrecked partitions a little farther actually demolished inner walls at 250 yards. At were killed. The four diagrams on these pages



WHEN THE SIRENS WAIL, HERALDING THE APPROACH OF ENEMY BOMBERS, the people of Barcelona, now well drilled in air raid precautions, congregate in these underground tunnel refuges which have been built since the war began. The tunnels, eachaccommodating 2,000 persons, are built well below the roadways and have independent lighting

ANOTHER TYPE OF AIR RAID SHELTER built beneath the streets of Barcelona and further protected from above by sandbags piled to a depth of 15 ft. The whole place is constructed of reinforced concrete and consists of five parallel tunnels each 13 ft. in width, in which the people congregate while the raid is in progress. They are absolutely safe in view of the fact that the bombs used by the insurgents have no great penetrative power, surface destruction being the main object

intensity, in its duration, and in the death and devastation which it wrought. Within a period of 41 hrs. a dozen separate raids were carried out.

"The raids have taken place by day as well as by night. In some of the daylight attacks the casualties were particularly heavy. The enemy aircraft flew very low, and were able to seek out the most crowded thoroughfares along which to drop their bombs.

"There are three types of bombs which are used in aerial warfare—the gas bomb, theincendiarybomb, and the high explosive bomb. Up till now gas has not been resorted to by either party in the Spanish war.

"In most of the air raids on Barcelona a small proportion of incendiary bombs have been dropped. But these have been strikingly few and their effect has been remarkably limited. In all cases these have been bombs of about 35 lb. in weight, of torpedo shape, made of a light inflammable alloy and filled with thermite.

"As many as 60 per cent. of them have failed to explode. As for the remainder, the fires which they ignited have not led to any widespread outbreaks.

"In the recent raids on Barcelona two sizes of high explosive bombs have been principally employed—the 220 lb. bomb and that of 650 lb. The havoc and devastation wrought was so great that people began to wonderwhether some new and more deadly form of explosive had been invented. But from the conversations which I had with the munitions experts it would seem that the immense destructive force of these projectiles is due, not to any startling scientific discovery, but rather to improvement in the technique of manufacture.

"Considering the weight of these bombs they appear to have extraordinarily little penetrative power. The craters which they have made where they have fallen in the streets are remarkably small. But in contrast to this their explosive expansion in a lateral direction is devastating.

"In one place I measured the frontage of the buildings that had been totally demolished and found that it was well over 200 ft. in length. That is equal to about a dozen or more average-size London houses.

(Continued on page 300)

in this part of the city, but frontage nearby, damaged away, and, by indirect force, 400 yards people and animals are by Mr. D Macpherson

On right—WHERE BOMB NO. 2 DROPPED: It was here that the missile, referred to in the diagrammatic sketch on the left, hit the street and as it did so brought crashing down a nearby building with a 200 ft. frontage

b 2

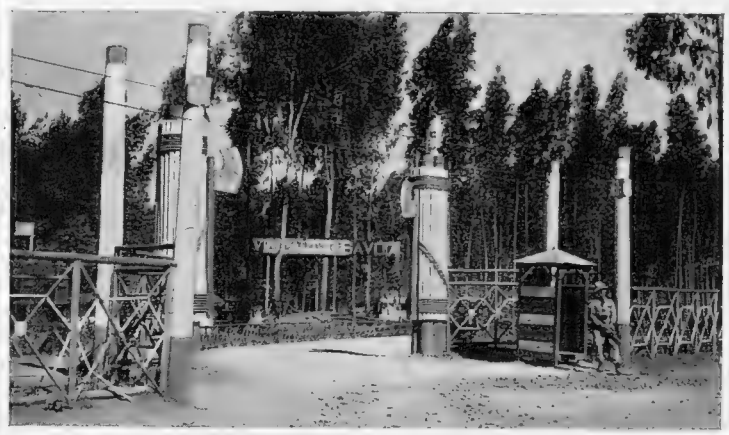
EMPIRE BUILD ABYSSIN

Evidence of Development by the Italians

IN LEISURE HOURS men of the vanguard of the pioneers in Abyssinia and of the army of occupation repair to clubs such as this which, since the close of the war, have been set up in various centres by the Fascist organisation known as the Dopolavoro, the Italian counterpart of the German "Strength Through Joy" movement. Behind the building there is a cinema

MARSHALLING THE NATION'S YOUTH: A review of young Abyssinians who have been put into uniform and from an early age are being inculcated with the principles of Fascism. *Below*—THE FASCES AND THE AXE, symbols of the Fascist regime, adorning the entrance to a camp

THE CITY AMONG THE EUCALYPTUS GROVES: like an Axum monolith, erected at a cross-roads to week the aspect of the capital is changing years are out it will be a city of many



TO ITALY'S WAR DEAD: This memorial, commemorating soldiers who fell in the conquest of Abyssinia, has been subscribed for by Fascist workers and stands opposite the General Post Office at Diredawa, one of the principal cities of the empire, lying on the main line from Addis Ababa to Jibuti, French Somaliland. Memorials such as this are rising in many parts of the country, particularly in the areas where the fiercest fighting took place in the war

A STATELY THOROUGHFARE: Mussolini Avenue, with its well-paved surface and its flanking offices of the Viceroy, the Duke of Aosta, Duke of Neghelli, last year. Side by side

ING IN IA

Since Their Occupation

A handsome clock tower, in Addis Ababa. From week rapidly, and before many impressive stone buildings

ABYSSINIA'S BUILDING BOOM is now at its height and in all the main centres of population building materials are urgently needed. This cement factory is being set up to meet part of the demand and very shortly will be in full production. The bulk of the heavy work of construction is being carried out by native labour, but the foremen and technicians are, of course, all Italian. During the war one of the great problems of the Italians lay in the fact that whites had to engage in so much manual labour in temperatures only those of tough constitution could stand

Addis Ababa, is the finest street in the colonial capital eucalyptus trees. On the right are the recently opened who, it may be remembered, succeeded Marshal Graziani, with the development depicted on these pages, the Italian authorities are still continuing the work of pacification, but it is no easy task and from time to time news comes through of risings in the outlying districts of the west and north-west, often taking a heavy toll of Italian lives. This embarrassing state of affairs naturally necessitates the maintenance, at great expense, of large garrisons and experts believe it may be a long while yet before there is normality from the military point of view

THE CHANGED ANGLE: By LADY DRUMMOND-HAY

China's Check to Japan Has Brought About a Violent Alteration of Opinion and Prophecy in Far Eastern Circles

THE resistance of China to the impact of Japan's war machine: the general revision of foreign military and civil opinion, from Batavia and Singapore in the south to Vladivostock in the north, of Japan's fighting power; the movement in the Philippines to decline the requested and granted national independence for those islands, and the desire of the Filipinos to remain under the security and protection of the powerful United States.

These I find to be the main outstanding significant facts in the present situation in the Far East, after my tour of study and observation, which included talks with British and American admirals and generals, air-marshals of the Royal Air Force, British, German, French, Dutch, Japanese diplomats and consuls, among them Sir Archibald Clark Kerr, the British Ambassador, and Chinese high in the councils of the National Government of China such as Madame Chiang Kai-Shek.

China's renewed and stubborn resistance to the Japanese after her military blunders and disasters at Shanghai and Nanking has surprised the Japanese no less than the European and American military and civilian populations in the Far East. This has brought in its wake, as a natural sequence, a complete reversion of the widely prevalent belief in the military power of Japan and the invincibility of her modern war machine. In the reaction to the former fears and alarms in the Dutch East Indies, British Singapore and Hong Kong, French Indo-China, America's Philippines, and the International Settlements in China, there is now a tendency to go to the other extreme, and draw equally hasty conclusions, under-estimating the spirit of Japan. This could be even more disastrous to peace in the Orient than the over-rating Japan has hitherto enjoyed in foreign eyes.

JAPAN DEPLOYS . . .

Foreign nationals, and I am sorry to say that some of my own nationals are among them, who saw in their imaginations Hong Kong abandoned, Singapore taken, the Dutch East Indies seized, the American Philippines invaded, Shanghai a Japanese metropolis on the continent of Asia, now suddenly begin to speak with a touch of sarcasm about the "hysteria of fear" of Japan in the United States. They ridicule it.

It is depressing to observe, as I have again on this tour, how shallow, narrow, even uninformed, can be some high military minds to which their compatriots look up with confidence, and how personal antipathies and prejudices can distort the vision and affect the judgment of diplomats in their sifting of facts, their appraisal of situations, and in their reports to their governments.

Like newspaper correspondents who endeavour to make their "story stand up" when its forecast has gone wrong, so diplomats, and even military intelligence officers, try to make good on their confidential prophetic reports of what is going to happen, or on erroneous sizing-up of a situation or event. Against that, there is the usual bitter complaint, apparently as true to-day as in the days of the active diplomatic service of my late husband, that the "'swivel-chair generals' at home always know better. They want to read what they want to hear."

Japan's loss of prestige in the eyes of foreigners in the Far East is indeed tremendous as a consequence of the failure of the Japanese war machine to carry it to victory and an imposed peace on China in eight months of war. Military men predicted to me that this may lead to a complete revision of the ever ready and drawn-up plans for war in naval, military and air general staffs of the great powers, in so far as such plans affect Japan.

I am only a woman, and my knowledge of military matters is limited to the reading of many books, to history and to personal experience and observation in the reporting of several small wars. My intuition and thinking, however, here on the ground in Shanghai ringed with the ruin and desolation that war spells for the civilian as well as the soldier these days, tells me that Japan is not through in China. It is obvious to all that the plans of the Imperial General Staff contained many miscalculations and serious errors. Japanese strategy had defects and weaknesses. The myth of iron-like discipline and unswerving obedience to officers was exploded. There were outrageous excesses. The revival of the fighting spirit of the Chinese after their first disasters is indeed gratifying to the Chinese and to the friends of China.

The check to the Japanese—even some reverses—on the Yellow River, Lunghai, and Peking–Hankow railway fronts brings speculation as to what might have happened to the Japanese had Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek listened to the counsel and advice of his staff of German military advisers, including four generals, at Shanghai and Nanking. The fact still remains that the Japanese hold Shanghai, Hangchow, Soochow, Nanking, Wuhu, Tientsin, Peiping, the strategic railway in the north from Kalgan to Paotow in Inner Mongolia, and control the entire coast with their fleet when they want to exercise that control. The Japanese may be checked, as enthusiastically claimed at this writing, by the Chinese National Government now at Hankow. But I doubt very much if Japan is halted. Under-estimation of the fighting spirit and power of the Chinese armies, and the attempt to conquer vast stretches of Chinese territory with too few Japanese troops—and they not the best—would seem to have been the fundamental errors of the Japanese Imperial General Staff.

CHINA STANDS FIRM . . .

The check to the Japanese armies in China has, I hear through Dutch official circles, increased Dutch worries, anxieties, and fears in Holland's East Indies, even though there too Japanese prestige has severely fallen. It is just that very point, the prestige lost in China, that keeps the Dutch naval, military, and air staffs in Batavia and Sourabaya sitting up late at nights. They dream, even visualise, strong units of the Japanese fleet coming south to show their rival, the Japanese army, how to do it, and to recover in the Dutch East Indies the prestige lost to Imperial Japan by the Imperial army in China. The Dutch fear that the Japanese navy will one day descend upon and seize some of the Dutch islands in that archipelago. Already the "peaceful penetration" has gone far in Dutch New Guinea and in the northern arm of the Celebes.

Whether these Dutch fears are largely imaginary and the natural reaction of nervousness resultant upon Japan's descent upon China, or whether they have some information as basis, Dutch officials, of course, would not tell me. Those, naturally, are military and naval secrets. It was not denied, however, that all naval, military and air force plans in the Dutch East Indies are based on such a feared contingency. Not many months ago, the entire East Indies naval, military and air forces were suddenly mobilised on alarming reports that a large Japanese fleet was approaching the Dutch colonial possessions. It proved to be a phantom fleet.

The Philippines have also been "seeing things" lately. Much excitement was caused in Manila by reports that two mysterious ships, supposedly Japanese destroyers, had appeared in the waters of Mindanao, where Japanese estimated in numbers between 10,000 and 15,000 have settled and are engaged chiefly in raising hemp. Then came reports of a phantom fleet of twenty-two ships, nature, character and flag unknown. It is a very singular phenomenon how the presence, or mere mention, of a Japanese ship, even if only a fishing trawler, in the vicinity of the Philippines, or near the coast of Mexico and California, creates excitement in the big and powerful United States. I cannot help thinking that the Japanese must get a smile out of it.

I have heard Americans remark only too often "There is something psychologically wrong with the British these days." Perhaps so. But is there not something very psychologically wrong, too, with some 130,000,000 Americans who can work themselves up into a hysteria of fear of little Japan, if we are to trust the newspaper headlines and radio news broadcasts from the United States? We in England have at least a very real basis for fear of war.

Leaving Shanghai for Hong Kong to fly to San Francisco in the trans-Pacific clipper ships of the Pan-American Airways, the most distressing impression I carry with me is that the white races in the Far East are not holding together. Even in the face of common danger, they indulge in bickerings and intrigues among themselves for personal gain and advantage. And if the impressions I gained in Manila during a long chat with Mr. Paul Vories McNutt, American High Commissioner and personal representative of President Roosevelt, following his return from Washington, are correct, the near prospect of Anglo-American co-operation in the Far East is indeed not bright.

With all friendliness between the Americans and the British out here, and there is much of that, the Americans are intensely suspicious of us on all matters of British policy. They are always on their guard lest the "British put something over on us." We are accused of pursuing an "absolutely egoistic policy of self-interest," as if that were not the compass course of the statesmanship and policy of other countries. In private conversations you hear that "Britain let down America when the Japanese invaded Manchuria in 1931, the British let down Emperor Haile Sélassié in Abyssinia, they let down the loyalist Government in Spain, and then they let down Austria." That Britain's attitude in all those questions probably averted a European war, or war in the Far East, is, of course, not mentioned.

There are also some small pinpricks which seem unnecessary, such as when Sir Geoffrey Northcote, Governor of Hong Kong, did not invite the American Consul-General, among sixty-six other guests, to the official dinner to Sir Archibald Clark Kerr, the new British Ambassador to China, on his arrival in Hong Kong. And, that Americans arriving in Hong Kong, as well as all Europeans with the exception of the British, must report in person to the British police headquarters within 12 hrs. The Chinese, on the other hand, enter and leave Hong Kong by the thousands, without any kind of passport or document.

It is the general expectation in British and other foreign circles that with the happy ending of the Anglo-Italian conversations in Rome, Britain will enter upon a more positive policy in the Far East.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA'S AIR FORCE

Nearly 650 First-Line Machines and a Big Reserve Provide a Formidable Fighting Strength

GROUND STAFF: Wireless operators of the Czechoslovakian Air Force keeping in touch with airmen aloft. *Above on left*—Pilots standing beside a machine before going up. There are 10,000 men in the service, 1,440 of whom are pilots. The number of first-line machines is nearly 650, this being made up of 270 fighters, 90 light bombers, 48 heavy bombers, 60 light reconnaissance machines, and 180 heavy reconnaissance machines. Second-line strength amounts to 750 planes

A FINAL WORD BEFORE GOING ALOFT: An officer giving a pilot and his observer instructions when about to take off. Adorning the fuselage is the Czechoslovakian double-tailed lion, emblem of the air force

"ACES": Siroky and Novak, two airmen who have both won big reputations

RECRUITS IN TRAINING: A novice about to take off on a practice flight and (*on left*) the instructor gives his pupil a word of advice. A few of the machines used have been purchased abroad, but, at the same time, Czechoslovakia has an active aircraft industry which is being speedily developed. No British planes are employed, but some of our engines, notably the Rolls-Royce Kestrel V, are fitted to their fighters

A WOMAN TAKES THE GAS COURSE

Learning the Duties of an Air Raid Warden

BY NELL MURRAY

I am qualifying to be the No.1 woman warden for the whole of the City of London, under the new Air Raid Precautions scheme. I qualified by residence to take part in the gas course under the auspices of the City of London—an organisation completely separate from the rest of the huge metropolis.

After due deliberation on the part of the authorities I was ceremoniously enrolled. A few nights later came my initial training class lasting three hours, the only woman in a class of men—most of whom had had actual wartime experience. And what an ordeal!

It was an eerie experience, to sit in that glaringly electric-lighted room, with its cold white porcelain-tiled walls, and listen to the same young man—calm and cool and collected in the utmost degree—talk of death and destruction, and the most sensible manner of dealing with it. He himself has been an expert on the subject ever since the Government, fifteen months ago, established its secret training college in the heart of the English countryside. There he and his colleagues have had actual experience of partial gassing by both "persistent" and "non-persistent" varieties; have handled the extinguishing of the terrifying incendiary bombs which explode in all directions. All this, to a lesser degree, will be experienced by the class which I am now attending.

The duties of a warden consist of being a liaison between the public and the essential services—police, ambulance and hospital.

They handed around samples of gas for us to smell at this initiation class. Phosgene, with its smell of musty hay; lewisite, with its smell of geraniums. I have learned what crude mustard gas looks like ("the king of all the gases," our instructor calls it). If you saw a patch of it lying on the ground, you might mistake it for dirty gear oil. It smells of mustard or onions or garlic or horseradish—I can't decide quite which.

One thing he told us which was fairly reassuring. We know all there is to know of the horrors of the different gas groups. No new appreciable invention in that line has come along since the last war.

We learned that non-persistent gases, which include phosgene and chlorine, were likely to drift away with the action of the wind. That such blister gases as mustard and lewisite, together with tear gases, were liable to stick around until the proper decontamination measures were taken. One gas smells like pear-drops or pineapple—you can easily detect its particular presence.

Adjusting the respirator for the first time is a tricky business—but after I had done it two or three times, the actions became automatic, a matter of seconds. In time of war, carrying a respirator around will become as much of a common-place to a woman as her handbag is to-day. Incidentally, there is no secret concerning the chemicals used. Coconut wood charcoal, prepared in a special way, is the sole purifying medium; and this has the curious quality of absorbing any one of the gases used in modern warfare.

One slightly difficult task which I have yet to handle is the modern incendiary bomb, narrow and tubular, nearly 12 ins. long. This burns with so fierce a flame, generating its own oxygen, that there is no known medium which will put it out. You may use sand, temporarily smothering it, but the fire still goes on. Throw it in a lake, and it will burn under water. Our temporary method of dealing with it, so far as I can make out, is to use a shovel with a handle about 6 ft. long, submerge it in a bucket containing 50 lb. of sand, and deposit it outside on the pavement until it burns itself out.

I have a gas-mask of my own, "Number 150, small size," hanging up on a hook in a City police station, complete with its satchel, and equipped with de-frosting cleanser for the "goggles."

No. 2 Adventure has happened—the actual experience of war-time gas. And now that it has happened, I feel cool and calm and confident, much less in what is commonly called "a state" than I was last week. At the initial class I was terrified. Little black-and-blue pinches along my fore-arm bear testimony to the determination I applied to not fainting, or otherwise disgracing myself . . .

The gas test took place in a district strange to me, well enough though I thought I knew London. There was a huge barracks square, carpeted with close-cropped green lawn—and on this there were teams of territorials playing football, carrying on with regimental drill against the sunset of a perfect English spring day. Our gas chamber seemed a grim little affair, drawn up on wheels against one side of the compound, with the grotesque figures of our gas-masked class standing beside it.

Up the gangway we went, the door clanged shut, and in semi-darkness the first contingent watched while our instructor heated a sinister-looking capsule over a small flame. Horrid little wisps of vapour began to rise and curl.

"Can you smell anything? Is there any discomfort on the skin? Is everyone feeling quite all right?"

The muffled questions came from the gas mask of our instructor. "O.K.," we nodded. Our gas masks were perfect protection. Apart from the fact that everyone seemed to be breathing in and out with the noise of a railway engine, it seemed to me that we might have been standing in a perfectly normal environment instead of an atmosphere charged with death.

Just how efficacious these gas masks are when put to a practical test was proved afterwards when our instructor casually remarked that anyone who did not believe that actual gas had been employed, was at liberty to take a whiff without a gas mask. Incurably inquisitive, I stuck my head inside for a split second, and jumped out again as if I had been shot. I can still feel the effects of it.

Mine is an aristocrat among the millions of masks which would be issued to England's civilian population in time of war. There are three separate categories—apart from those which are being evolved for the protection of small children and domestic pets.

Those issued to air raid wardens and others who would be exposed in the streets for long periods are of most elaborate pattern—thick rubber encased in a stout woollen outer casing, with a corrugated "pipe" leading to the charcoal filter, enclosed in its tin can worn in a satchel over the chest. Another type, of rubber only, is intended for people carrying on essential services indoors, such as telephone operators. The third, and flimsiest, type is intended for ordinary citizens who are staying indoors in gas-proof chambers, and would require the masks only for emergency purposes.

THE ONLY WAY WITH INCENDIARY BOMBS, those noisome missiles which cannot be put out and even under water burn with a fierce flame, is to place them in a bucket of sand and take them out of doors where they can do no harm. All air raid wardens are receiving special instruction on this subject

The masks must be treated tenderly; the glass windows defrosted after every wearing with a special ointment which requires quite an amount of "elbow grease" to polish properly. Then you must give your mask regular baths of special disinfectant.

However tempted you may be to wash your satchel carrier (which is of stout khaki gabardine) when it becomes grimy from constant use, you must restrain your fastidious instincts until some day when you have plenty of time on your hands. For after washing, it must be immediately waterproofed again, so my instructor informs me.

In fact, a gas mask is a temperamental thing that must not be left lying around the house for the children to play with. That is the reason why the authorities have decided that masks will be stored in special depots, ready for immediate distribution by wardens in an emergency.

AMOY'S NATURAL HARBOUR: The Chinese treaty port of Fukien Province where a British warship is now permanently stationed to watch the activities of the Japanese, some of whose men-of-war are anchored out in the bay

AMOY: Where Britain and the United States Hold a Watching Brief

BY JEAN GORDON

HONG KONG, APRIL, 1938.

AMOY, one of the Chinese "Treaty" ports (so-called because they were opened to British commerce by the Treaty of Nanking in 1842), is in the news just now.

While Canton is famous for blackwood, Swatow for pewter, Fuchow for lacquer, Ningpo for being "more far," Amoy, once the chief centre for the export of China tea, is now known for its pink porpoises and its exports of opium and human labour.

But it is not for this reason that Japanese warships lie permanently off Amoy's beautiful natural harbour; Japanese aeroplanes periodically strike terror into the hearts of its inhabitants by flying overhead and dropping a few bombs (carefully avoiding the International Settlement of Kulangsu), but simply because of its geographical position on the China coast between points of interest to Japan.

Consequently, during these unsettled times, there is always an American gunboat and a British destroyer or sloop standing by in Amoy harbour.

The residents do not anticipate a Japanese invasion. The Japs are not sufficiently interested in a place which has no direct communication with the interior. But the presence of a British warship strikes a reassuring note to the European colony whose main fear, if they feel one, is of civil disturbances caused by panic among the Chinese.

So the British Commander-in-Chief in China deputes one unit of the China Fleet in turn to hold a watching brief over Amoy. Day in and day out, the residents can look from the windows of their houses on to the trim grey outline of a British man-of-war.

They show their appreciation by extending the hospitality of the port to the officers and men on board, who otherwise would have a very dull time. The sailors play football against the landsmen and go in relays to the cinema on board the American gunboat. (Every American warship possesses its own cinema.) The officers, after formal calls on the Chinese mayor and the various consuls, are entertained by the consulates, the Customs commissioner, the chief of police, the more prominent missionaries (who form a large percentage of the resident population of the International Settlement), and the officials of the big concerns.

They are made welcome at the club, with its library and squash court and billiard and reading rooms. They meet the wives at the weekly social tea and dinner, and hear all the local gossip.

All this takes place in the self-governing foreign settlement of Kulangsu, a little island of only one and a half square miles, divided from Amoy proper by a narrow channel which forms the inner harbour, and connected by a very primitive five cent municipal ferry and innumerable sampans—hand-propelled for the rank and file, private and motor driven for the "Faipans." Kulangsu is peacefully and efficiently administered by an International Municipal Council.

The European houses, including the consulates, are grouped on the wooded slopes of this hilly and picturesque island. There are Chinese living there too, but they have to pay a 25 per cent. rent tax which acts as a deterrent.

Before the present conflict there were 10,000 Japanese trading in Amoy, many of whom were Formosans. The latter were most unruly and caused great trouble to the authorities, who were heartily thankful to be rid of them when all the Japs and Formosans were evacuated last September.

Since then Amoy's trade has been functioning quite steadily. Imports, which normally include large quantities of miscellaneous goods, not only for Amoy itself but for the interior, have naturally fallen off owing to the present difficulties of distribution. Exports are maintained, including the queer one of coolie labour. Two thousand coolies are shipped to Singapore every month, and a large proportion of the Chinese population lives on the percentage of earnings remitted, quite automatically and ungrudgingly, by these sons of toil. Many of them, surprisingly enough, make their fortunes, and, inevitably, return to Amoy to live.

A strange place Amoy, prospering partly through the trade which comes to it as a treaty port, but largely on dollars earned in other countries; typically Chinese in its attitude, yet wisely pro-British in its sentiments; with its 300,000 Chinese inhabitants herded on top of one another and its comparative handful of foreign residents living imperturbably among them in the greatest comfort which such primitive facilities can offer—aware of their isolation in the middle of the China coast, but comfortably confident of the protection of John Bull or Uncle Sam should the necessity arise.

"SUMMER": *Landscape*
By Algernon Newton, A.R.A

Of Mr. Algernon Newton's four pictures in the Royal Academy this year, this one has been particularly widely praised, revealing his landscape composition at its very best

THE ROYAL ACADEMY

Two Pictures of Distinction

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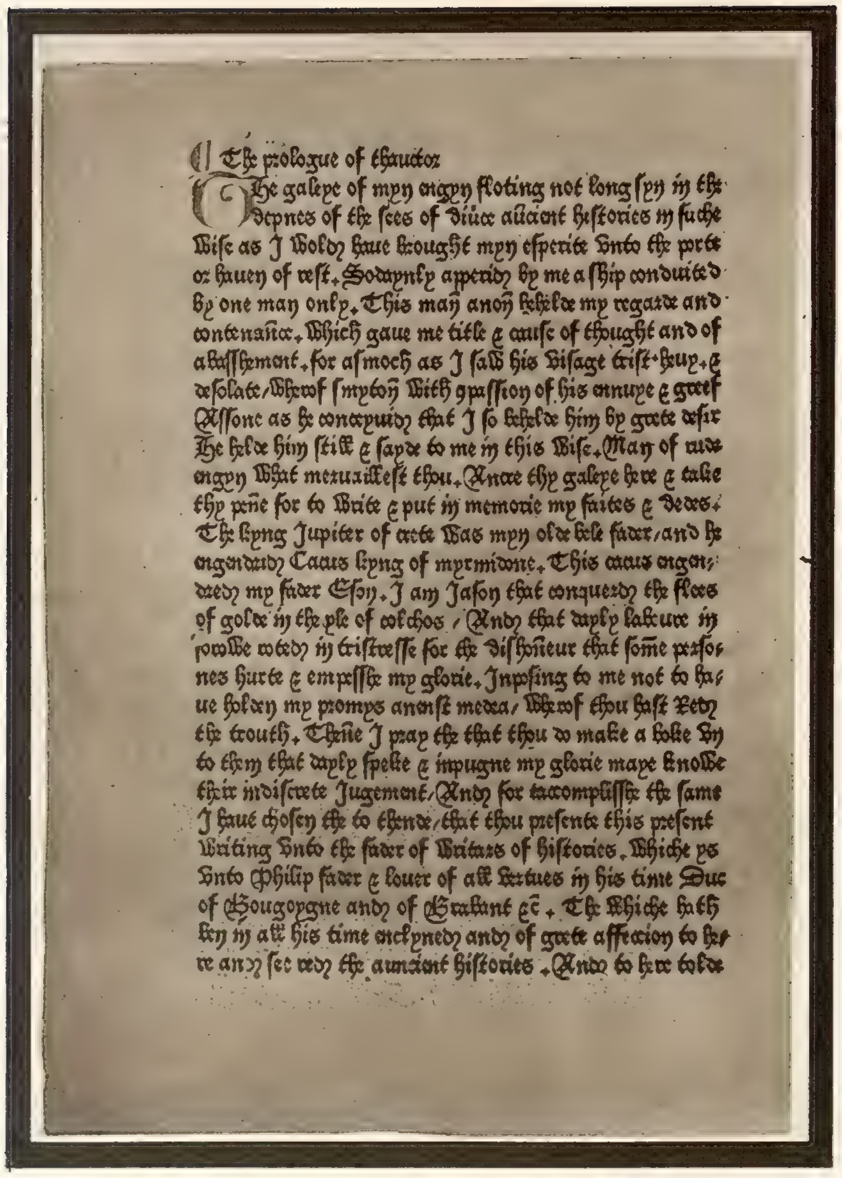
Mr. A. J. Munnings' portrait of "The Hon. Anthony Mildmay on Davy Jones," the horse that carried him within an ace of victory in the Grand National and, as ill-luck would have it, broke a rein and ran out in the very closing stages of the race

A Wonderful Book



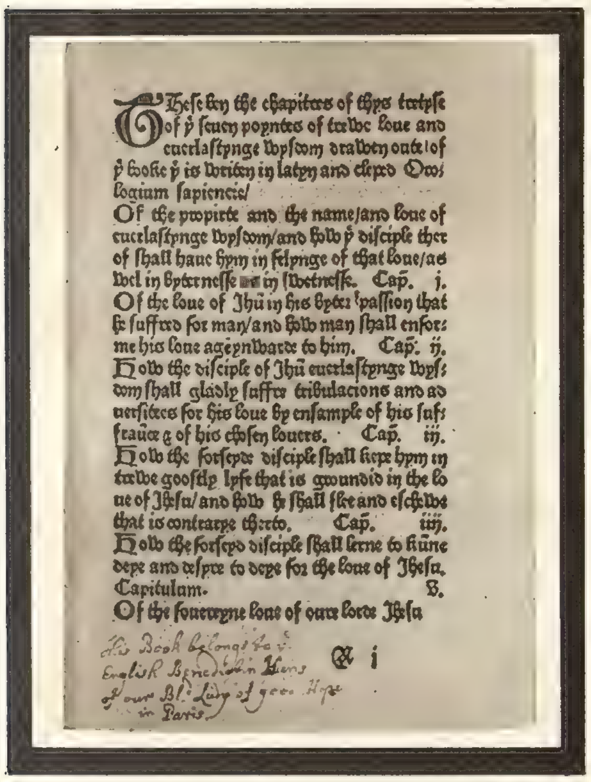
¶ The prologue of thauctor
The galeye of myn engyn floting not long syn in the depnes of the sees of diuerce auncient histories in suche wise as I wold haue brought myn esperite vnto the porte or hauen of rest. Sodaynly apperid by me a ship conduited by one man only. This man anon behelde my regarde and contenaunce. Which gaue me title & cause of thought and of abasshement. for asmoch as I saw his visage trist. heuy. & desolate/ wherof smyton with passion of his ennuye & greef Assone as he conceyuid that I so behelde him by grete desir He helde him stille & sayde to me in this wise. Man of rude engyn what merueillest thou. Ancre thy galeye here & take thy penne for to write & put in memorie my faites & dedes. The kyng Jupiter of crete was myn olde bele fader/ and he engendrid Caeus kyng of myrmidone. This caeus engendred my fader Eson. I am Jason that conquerd the flees of golde in the yle of colchos/ And that dayly labure in sorowe rored in tristresse for the dishonneur that some persones hurte & empesshe my glorie. Inposing to me not to haue holden my promys anenst medea/ wherof thou hast red the trouth. Thenne I pray the that thou do make a boke vnto them that dayly speke & inpugne my glorie maye knowe their indiscrete Jugement/ And for taccomplisshe the same I haue chosen the to thende/ that thou presente this present writing vnto the fader of writers of histories. Whiche ys vnto Philip fader & louer of alle vertues in his time Duc of Bourgoygne and of Brabant &c. The whiche hath ben in alle his time enclyned and of grete affection to here and see red the auncient histories. And to here tolde

Le grād Kalendrier et compost des Bergers. Compose par le Berger de la grand montaigne. Auquel sont adioustez plusieurs nouuelles figures & tables/ lesquelles sont bien vtiles a toutes gens ainsi que pourrez veoir cy apres en ce present liure. pxli.

¶ On les vend a Paris en la rue neufue nostre Dame

On left—EARLY FRENCH PRINTING is represented in the Ham House library, which is to be dispersed at Sotheby's on May 30 and 31, by *Le Grand Kalendrier et Compost des Bergers*, the title page, as depicted here, bearing a bold woodcut. The work was printed in Paris by Lotrian about the year 1518

PERHAPS THE FIRST BOOK PRINTED IN ENGLAND: A page from the prologue of *The History of Jason* which was published in 1476 or 1477 and was one of the earliest, if not the earliest, works emanating from Caxton's press at Westminster. It is perhaps the outstanding lot in the forthcoming sale of the treasures of Ham House library, Surrey



These ben the chapiters of thys tretyse of ye seuen poyntes of trewe loue and euerlastynge wysdom drawen oute of ye booke yt is writen in latyn and cleped Orologium sapiencie/

Of the proprite and the name/ and loue of euerlastynge wysdom/ and how ye disciple ther of shall haue hym in felynge of that loue/ as wel in bytternesse as in swetnesse. Cap. j.

Of the loue of Jhu in his bytter passion that he suffred for man/ and how man shall enforme his loue ageynwarde to him. Cap. ij.

How the disciple of Jhu euerlastynge wysdom shall gladly suffre tribulacions and aduersitees for his loue by ensample of his suffraunce & of his chosen louers. Cap. iij.

How the forseyde disciple shall kepe hym in trewe goostly lyfe that is groundid in the loue of Jhesu/ and how he shall flee and eschewe that is contrarye therto. Cap. iiij.

How the forseyd disciple shall lerne to kunne deye and desyre to deye for the loue of Jhesu. Capitulum. v.

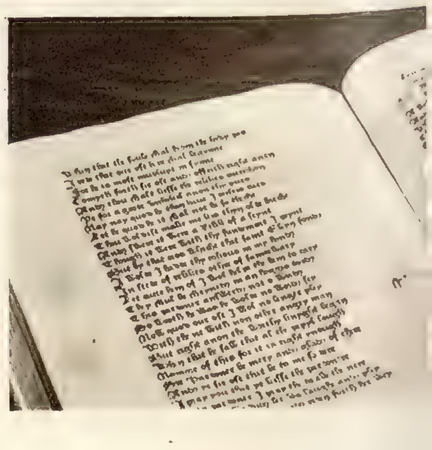
Of the souereyne loue of oure lorde Jhesu

This Book belongs to ye English Benedictin Nuns of our Bl. Lady of good Hope in Paris

A i

THIS TREATISE ON "DIVERS GHOSTLY MATTERS" is generally considered to be the last work printed by Caxton and is exceedingly rare. It is not complete, thirty-two of the leaves having been ruthlessly abstracted

THE COLOPHON OF THE FIRST BOOK TO BE PRINTED ON PAPER OF ENGLISH MANUFACTURE, the "De Proprietatibus Rerum," written by Glanville and issued by Wynkyn de Worde from his press at Westminster. The paper was made by John Tate at Hertford



THE library which has been housed in Ham House, Petersham, for over 200 years, "a very wonderful book paradise," as Dibdin termed it, is to be scattered and will appear in Messrs. Sotheby's salerooms on the last two days of May, and on June 20 and 21. The fact that it contains no less than twelve Caxtons marks it as one of the greatest importance in the book world. Dr. G. C. Williamson claimed that, in proportion to its size, Ham House library contained books of greater value than any other in Europe.

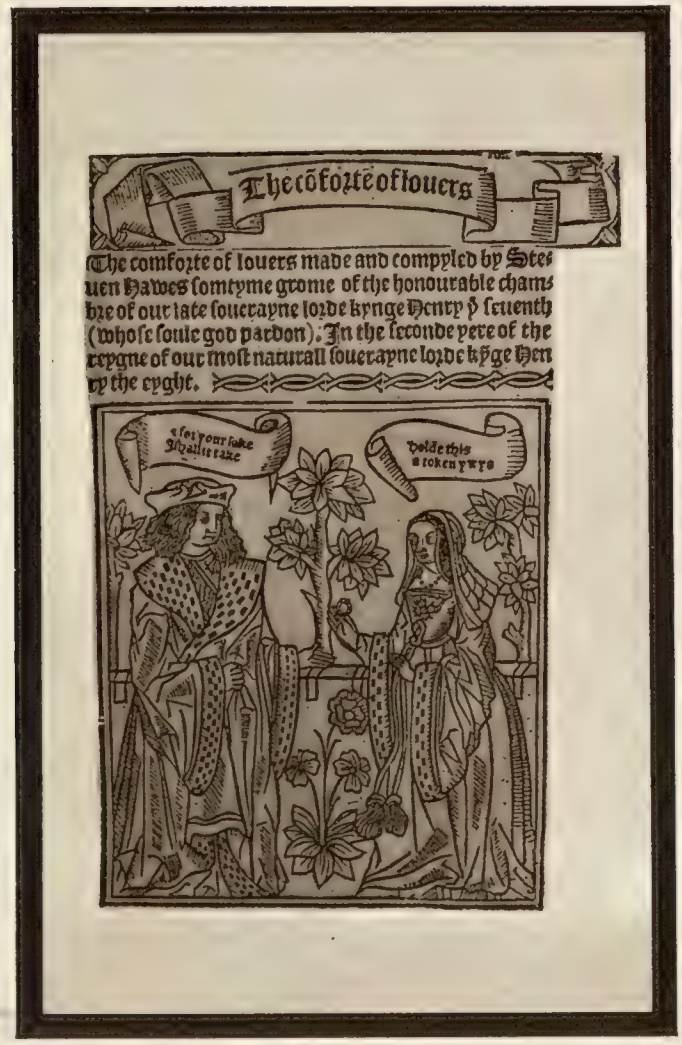
Ham House is well known, both from its historical associations and its nearness to Richmond. Built in 1610, it is definitely Jacobean in character, with a facade of red brick, and projecting wings. It came into the possession of the Earl of Dysart and from him to his daughter, who married first Sir Lionel Tollemache, by whom she had several children, and secondly the famous John Maitland, Duke of Lauderdale.

Lauderdale lived much at his wife's house and kept great state there—"The house furnished like a great Prince's, the parterres, flower gardens, orangeries, groves, avenues, courts, statues, perspectives, fountains, aviaries, and all this at the banks of the sweetest river in the world," writes John Evelyn. It was Lauderdale who began the library, being a keen collector. But it was the Tollemache branch of the family, who inherited it after the death of the Duchess, who formed the most valuable part of the collection.

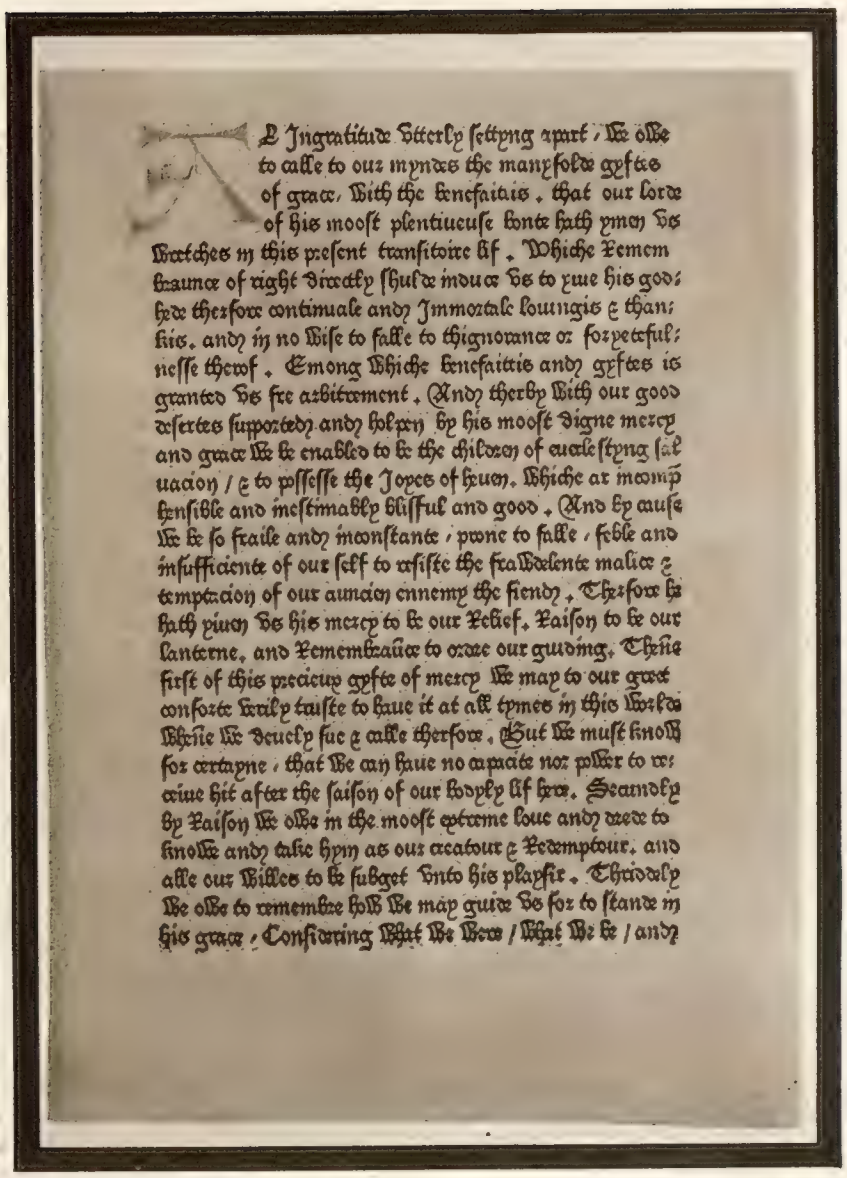
Lionel, the 4th Earl of Dysart, was a lover of books, particularly those of the early days of printing. He may have been the "strange brute" that Horace Walpole, his neighbour

PARADISE :

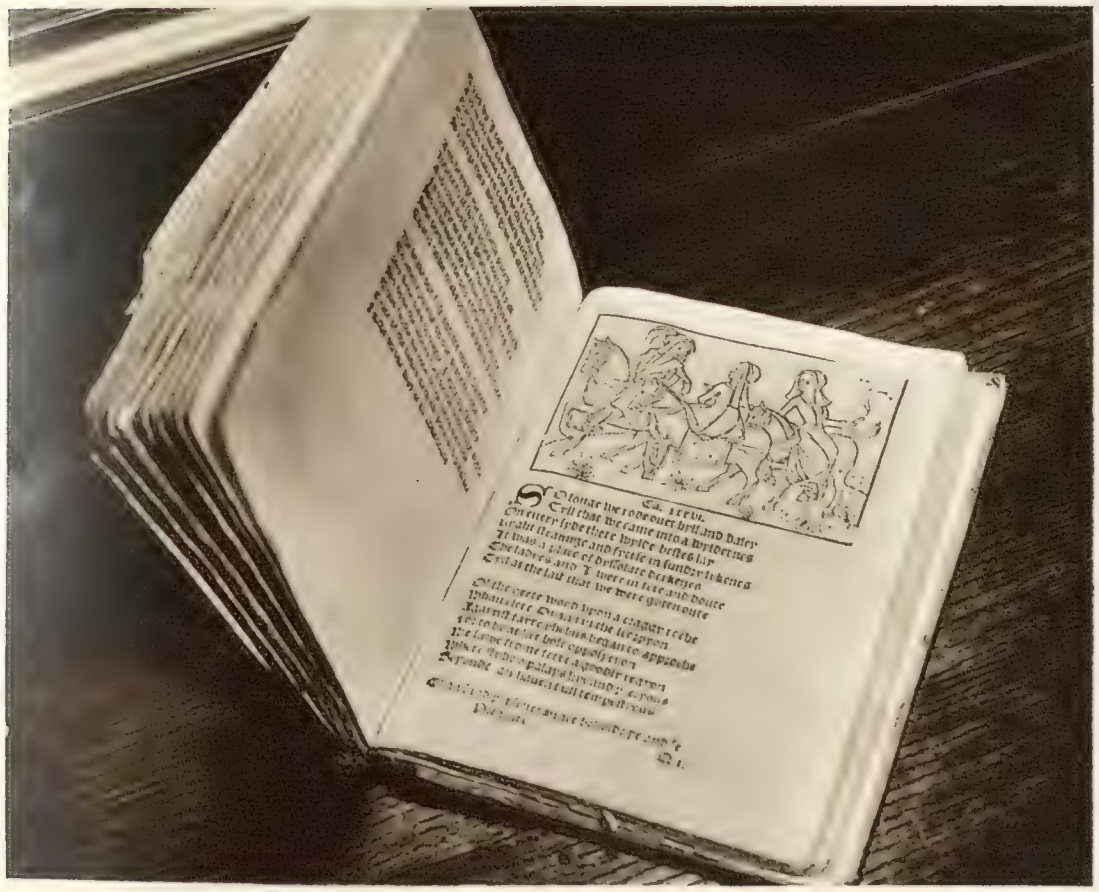
Caxton and Other Treasures in the Ham House Library to be Dispersed at Auction this Month



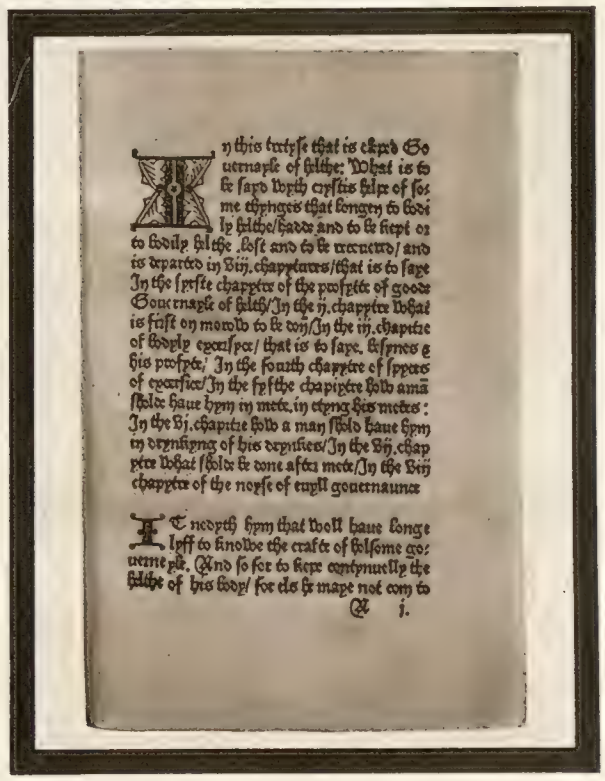
On right—
THE FRONTISPIECE OF "THE COMFORT OF LOVERS," a book written by Stephen Hawes and printed by Wynkyn de Worde, the printer who accompanied Caxton to England and in 1491 took over his business at Westminster, thereafter issuing many hundreds of works



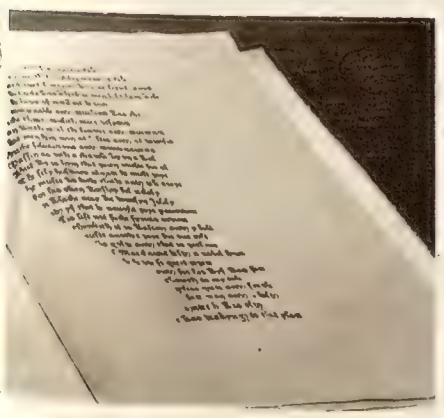
ANOTHER RARE CAXTON: A page from *Cordiale, or Four Last Things*, which the great printer issued from his Westminster press in 1479. Only two other complete copies are extant, one being in the University Library, Cambridge, and the other (which has undergone considerable renovation) in the Pierpont Morgan collection



A DOUBLE PAGE OF "THE PASTIME OF PLEASURE," printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1509. The book contains a notable poem in which occur the following familiar lines, "For though the day be never so longe, at last the belles ryngeth to evensong"



THE EARLIEST MEDICAL WORK PRINTED IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE: A page from the *Medicina Stomachi*, produced by Caxton in 1489. Only two copies exist, the other, which was discovered in 1736, being in the Bodleian



On left—
A FIRST EDITION OF THE CANTERBURY TALES: A page from this rare book printed by Caxton in 1478

across the river, described him, and mean to his heir, who wanted money to marry Walpole's niece, but he had a keen appreciation for books. He seized upon the opportunity afforded him and bought many books from the Haeleian library which had been bought by Thomas Osborne, the bookseller, so well known to Dr. Johnson. At least six of the Caxtons were obtained in this way, as can be proved by the pencilled notes made by Osborne. Not much has been added to the library since the 4th Earl's time, but at least it has been carefully preserved.

What is described in the catalogue as "probably the most desirable of all Caxtons" is *The History of Jason*, possibly the first book ever printed in England. It was translated from the French by Caxton himself, and undertaken under the patronage of Edward IV, who, whatever his private morals may have been, was sincerely attached to the arts. The book was planned to be a presentation gift to the little Prince of Wales (who perished in the Tower) "to the tent he may begynne to lerne rede Englissh". It was printed at Westminster in 1476 (or 1477), the year Caxton returned to England after thirty years' sojourn in Bruges where he had been one of the Merchant Adventurers attached to the Mercers Company. There he had seen Colard Mansion printing books and was fired with the idea of setting up a printing press himself.

Among the other Caxtons is Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*—an imperfect copy, but then all the other known copies lack

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LOUIS XIV RIDES TO DUNKIRK after purchasing it from Charles II. This is one of the magnificent Gobelins tapestries depicting incidents in the reign of the Sun King and now being displayed at an exhibition at the Manufacture des Gobelins in Paris to mark the tercentenary of the monarch's birth

CELEBRATING THE TERCENTENARY OF THE BIRTH OF LOUIS XIV

A Remarkable Exhibition at the Manufacture des Gobelins

LOUIS XIV VISITS THE FACTORY OF THE GOBELINS: Another fine tapestry included in the exhibition now being held to mark the tercentenary of Louis' birth. The King is shown standing on a dais, and depicted below him on the left, hat in hand, is Colbert, the famous Intendent of Finances

On left—PERFECTION IN EVERY LINE: Detail of the Gobelins tapestry entitled "The Triumph of Alexander" which Louis XIV ordered from Le Brun, director of the factory. The light and shade of the fabric draping the stretcher is a remarkable feature of the work

THE first important manifestation in Paris to celebrate the tercentenary of the birth of Louis XIV is the exhibition of tapestries at the Manufacture des Gobelins. It was during the reign of Louis XIV, in 1667, that the famous factory, founded in the reign of Henri IV by the Gobelin brothers, became a Royal Institution, Monsieur Guillaume Janneau, the director of the Mobilier National and of the Manufacture des Gobelins, has organised the present exhibition which is to be the first of a series.

It is not good for precious tapestries to be hung in the same position for an indefinite period. Originally they were not destined for this use. In medieval times they were employed to cut off a part of a spacious hall and make a room for intimate purposes, often round the fireside. When the King travelled, his tapestries travelled with him. When they became slightly faded or worn, they descended to second rank and were used by the princes of the royal family. Later, they served as decoration for outdoor fêtes; and were sometimes left unprotected in the open air. This explains the large discoloured patches that are to be seen on some of the finest examples of seventeenth-century art that are on view in the present exhibition.

The ground floor of the Musée des Gobelins has been reserved for tapestries illustrating the earlier history of the art of weaving with a high warp. They range from the Gothic tapestries to the superb masterpieces of Le Brun. A fifteenth-century fragment, illustrating an episode in the life of Hercules where he rescues Ypodame from the Centaurs at her marriage to Pirithous, retains remarkable freshness of colouring, and the design approaches caricature.

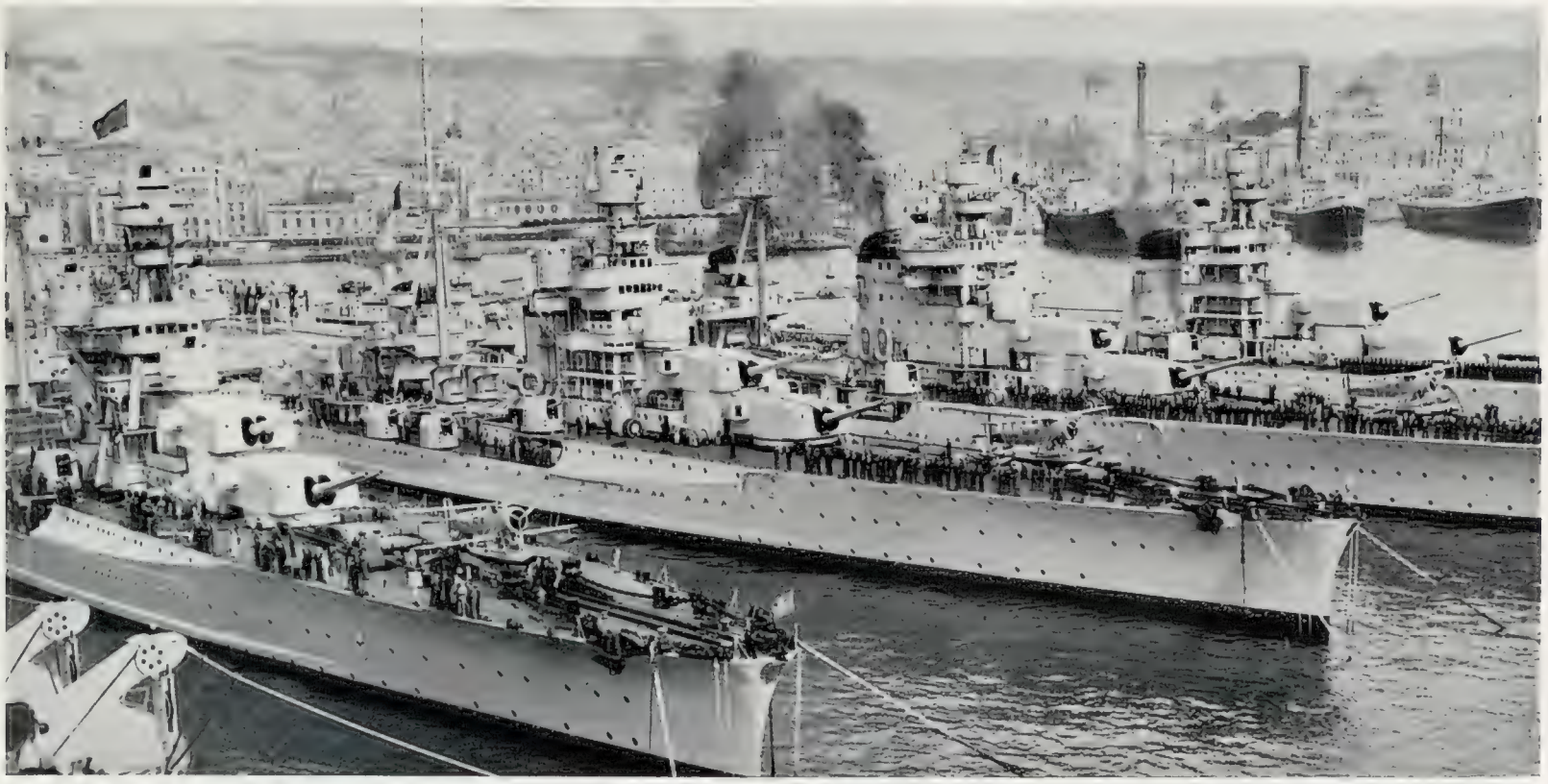
The whole of the first floor is devoted to the presentation of works inspired and directed by Charles Le Brun, illustrating the whole artistic trend of the Louis XIV epoch. There is the history of Alexander, magnificent both in colouring and in modelling. This series was ordered by the King himself.

There is a series representing famous castles of France. These are especially interesting on account of the manner in which Le Brun assembled the work of different painters in one cartoon, each a specialist in his particular genre, and yet produced a harmonious whole. Yvart le Bart painted the majority of the figures, the fabrics draped on the lower part of the ornamental framework and the curtains. Pierre Boel is responsible for the birds and animals. Baptiste Monnoyer painted fruit and flowers. The architecture is by Guillaume Anguier. The small figures in the middle distance and a part of the landscape are by Van der Meulen, seconded by Abraham Genoels and Adrien Baudoin. The royal castles are framed in an architectural motif composed of two columns and a pilaster on either side. The upper part forms an entablature with the royal arms in the middle.

Leading incidents in the reign of Louis XIV, from cartoons by Charles Le Brun, form a fascinating series of the greatest artistic and historical interest. There is the series of battles, Dunkerque, Marsal and others, where Louis XIV appears, surrounded by the duc d'Orléans, the duc de Guiche, Turenne, the maréchal de la Ferté and by Vauban, the royal engineer. The coronation of Louis XIV at Rheims and his marriage at Saint Jean de Luz form two pendant pieces of incomparable splendour in which the portraits are plainly distinguishable. Equally fine is the scene depicting the interview between Louis XIV and Philip IV of Spain when the latter brought his daughter, the Infanta Marie-Thérèse, to France for her marriage with the King. The tapestry showing Louis XIV

(*Continued on page* 312)

HITLER'S DAY WITH ITALY'S NAVY: A Great Display of Might Held in the Bay of Naples



ASSEMBLED TO DO THE FÜHRER HONOUR: Some of the modern cruisers which gathered in the Bay of Naples for the great review held on May 5, when Chancellor Hitler inspected the Italian Navy and afterwards witnessed a series of spectacular exercises, including a submarine attack on battleships, firing practice by the cruisers on the wireless-controlled target-ship, *San Marco*, simultaneous diving by submarines, and an exhibition of high-speed manœuvring by motor torpedo-boats, units in which Italy takes a particular pride. During his stay in Naples the Chancellor and his entourage lived aboard their closely-guarded special train

GIANTS OF THE FLEET: Two Italian battleships viewed from a similar craft as they steamed through the Bay of Naples, watched by King Victor Emmanuel, Signor Mussolini, and their guest, Herr Hitler. Over 200 warships took part in what was one of the largest peacetime assemblies ever seen in the Mediterranean

ALL OF A KIND: Ships of Italy's destroyer force drawn up in Naples harbour before going out into the Bay to carry out exercises in the presence of Chancellor Hitler, their part being to show how easily they could manœuvre in and out among the larger vessels of the fleet. The modern Italian navy has developed very rapidly, particularly as regards destroyer strength, and it was made known this time last year that no fewer than twenty craft of this type were on the stocks at Spezzia, Riva Trigoso, Ancona and Palermo

On right—
ABOARD THE "CAVOUR": Chancellor Hitler and his host, King Victor Emmanuel, watching the naval revue from the 23,600-ton battleship which provided a floating grandstand for the great occasion. Many thought that the Führer was beginning to look distinctly tired, having carried through a most arduous programme of official functions since his arrival on Italian soil

BUILDING BRITAIN'S BALLOON BARRAGE

To Keep at Bay Enemy Aircraft in Time of War

HOW WE DID IT IN 1918: A sketch showing the manner in which captive balloons were used during the last year of the war for holding up "aprons" of steel cable which proved successful in balking the enemy planes as they sped towards London. A modified scheme of this nature has now been launched

CAPTIVE BALLOONS at the Balloon Barrage School at Cardington, Bedfordshire, where these lighter-than-air craft are constructed and where men of the R.A.F. are now being trained in their operation. In time of emergency they would form with their steel cables a screen round London and other important centres, thus helping measurably

IN CLOSE FORMATION: Men at work practising the handling of these strangely shaped captive balloons which would surely prove a great deterrent to enemy aircraft if floated at varying heights in a vast circle round London, their cables reaching to the ground. In time of war their position would never be the same from day to day, and thus no bomber, unless it was flying at a great height, could be sure of reaching, and returning from, its objective with even the remotest degree of safety

enemy bombers at bay. The balloons carry no crew, but each has its own ground ts own lorry where the cables are wound in and out and the flying height thus o the required level. To surmount the barrage, raiders would be compelled ually high and this would naturally reduce considerably their bombing accuracy

right—BEDDING HER DOWN: Ground staff bringing in a balloon after flying practice at Cardington, the R.A.F. station which once accommodated our great airships and has now been harnessed to meet the needs of the great barrage scheme

A CAPTIVE BALLOON AND ITS ATTENDANT LORRY: A close-up showing how the main cable is attached. When the balloon reaches the final stages of the descent, the subsidiary cables are immediately taken in hand by members of the ground staff

SEWING IN A BIG WAY: Women machinists at work in one of the hangars at Cardington where the captive balloons are being produced in large numbers. Cardington is one of the R.A.F. stations which will be open to the general public on Empire Air Day this year

A BUSINESS MAN ARTIST: This painting entitled, "O Lord, How Long Wilt Thou Look On?" is the work of Mr. Cyril J. Ross, a London business man who has also achieved distinction as an artist. His theme, in this as in most of his pictures, deals with the plight of world Jewry. He is at present holding an exhibition at the Cooling Galleries, New Bond Street

THE ZINKEISEN SISTERS: These talented artists, Anna and Doris, have both scored a big success at the Royal Academy this year, and Anna (left) had the distinction of selling all three of her accepted works on private view day

NEW YORK'S BIG WEDDING: Mr. Warren Pershing, son of General John Pershing, the Commander-in-Chief of the American forces in the great war, leaving St. Thomas's Church with his bride, Miss Muriel Richards. Many notabilities attended the ceremony, including General Pershing, who insisted on being present, although still convalescing following a serious illness

HOLLYWOOD PARTY: Major R. V. C. Bodley (left), the author of the accompanying article, who worked with the late Irving Thalberg and has recently been working for Charlie Chaplin, pictured with Norma Deane, the Hon. Cecil Howard, and Frances Drake at that gay haunt, the Clover Club

IN HOLLYWOOD NOW

By

R. V. C. BODLEY

TO the casual visitor Hollywood to-day looks no different from the Hollywood of yesterday. The sun still shines, the gardens are full of flowers, superb cars flash up and down the boulevards, tables at the smart restaurants are hard to get, and everyone seems to be building a new house. Hollywood, nevertheless, is going through the most rapid metamorphosis since it became the centre of the motion picture industry. In fact, so fast is the change that many of those most closely connected with the business seem to be unaware of what is going on, while those who are aware do not appear to care.

To put it concisely, Hollywood is setting its house in order. This statement must not be construed to suggest that the picture industry is in a bad way, for although the word "depression" is bandied about, the financial standing of the various companies is as stable as ever. All that is happening is that for the first time in the history of pictures those in control are realising that there is no reason why this business should not be run on as orthodox lines as any other.

For years the picture industry has spent money regardless of its value; for years, staffs greatly in excess of requirements have been kept on the pay roll; for years salaries out of proportion to earning capacity have been paid.

These facts were known to all concerned, but they worried no one, as the profits on making pictures were sufficiently great to compensate extravagance. Then, one day, receipts began to diminish and, while the profits were still satisfactory, studios became conscious of the drop and started going into the whys and wherefores. They discovered three things.

First of all, that practically all the markets of Continental Europe and the Orient were closed to them; secondly, that an uncertain political and financial situation in America had curtailed the spending powers of the picture theatre public, and thirdly, that their pay rolls were too high. These revelations led to further investigations and series of discoveries.

It was discovered that there were literally dozens and dozens of writers at the studios who spent twenty days of the month in their offices doing nothing because no one would find them work.

It was discovered that there was an almost equal number of minor actors and actresses under contract and receiving regular salaries, but never being brought before the camera, while "free-lancers" were imported at much higher wages to take the parts which should have been given to these regular employees. Likewise hugely remunerated stars were left idle for many months of the year.

It was discovered that there were innumerable secretaries who did little else but look after the household accounts and social engagements of their "masters." There were song writers, lyric writers, gag men, etc., for whom there was nothing to do, and so on and so on.

The consequence of these discoveries was the sudden and merciless falling of the axe which brought with it tragedy into the lives of those who had come to regard making pictures as an easy means of earning a good living. But though suffering invaded many homes, no one seemed to take it to heart. Those who were on salary remained unaware of what was happening, those who were not, tightened their belts and waited for better times.

There is more optimism in Hollywood than in any other city of the world, an optimism, moreover, which is based on very little else but hope.

The first impression of Hollywood Boulevard is one of crowds of carelessly dressed people walking aimlessly up and down. No one seems to have anything to do, and there is none of that rush which is associated with other cities of the United States. The majority of these wanderers are young, some are middle-aged, while quite a few are old, but they all wear the same type of unconventional clothes and have a curious, hopeful, hungry look in their eyes.

From all over America, from many parts of Europe, and some parts of Asia, people come to Hollywood with the idea that prizes of great financial value await them. School girls and school boys, forgotten vaudevillians have gathered together their savings and landed in Hollywood, where rebuff after rebuff has been their fate. Their hope and endurance have lasted as long as they had any money and they have then drifted into underpaid posts in banks and restaurants. Even then they have not allowed themselves to look facts in the face, and the first opportunity to play in the crowd of some picture has made them give up their jobs, for a couple of days under the glaring arc lights on a studio lot. Nothing will convince these hope-filled people that they are not individually those who are going to get the break.

The reduction in production by the studios first hit these wanderers of Hollywood Boulevard, but it no more damped their optimism than that of the writers and the secretaries and the free-lancers who soon found themselves with nothing to do. Moreover, these latter, like the wanderers, made no attempt to earn a living. They just waited for the old days to return.

But will they return? It seems doubtful, for, although it is evident that the studios have gone to a too great extreme of curtailing production and reducing staffs, they are obviously not going back to the spendthrift days of two years ago. Yet how many will believe this? Not one of those bitten by the motion picture bug.

AT A HOLLYWOOD PREMIÈRE: Marlene Dietrich and Douglas Fairbanks, Jnr.

FROM THE COUNTRYSIDE:

New Brush and Camera Impressions

A Painter in Black and Brown

THE ART OF HUGH VERRALL

This perfectly preserved Tudor manor house near Midhurst, Sussex, known as Stedham Hall, was painted by Hugh Verrall and the picture is included in the exhibition he is now holding at 3c Fulthorpe Studios, Warwick Avenue, W. 2. The artist works almost entirely in brown and black, achieving in this restricted medium most interesting and vivid effects

On left—
Another example of the art of Hugh Verrall. The rear of picturesque Mockbridge House, Shermanbury, the Elizabethan residence where Michael Fairless wrote that classic work *The Roadmender*, penning many a page beneath the old sycamore

"IN SPLENDOUR DECKED ANEW"

Apple blossom glorifying a country lane at Coggeshall, near Colchester. A delightful spring camera study by Douglas Went

HUMOUR AND HARMONY: Willie and Sam Cloppitt (Arthur Riscoe and Sydney Howard) are the life and soul of *Wild Oats*, the new musical comedy presented by Firth Shephard at the Princes Theatre. It is full of bright situations with plenty of dancing and singing to keep things going

DRAMA AND OPERA:

THAT most august of all theatres, Covent Garden—scrubbed and flood-lit without and all-glorious within—is open again for opera-lovers and others. Much money has been spent on interior decoration with excellent effect. The comfortable old stalls have been replaced by stalls still more comfortable—red, well be-cushioned, and, according to the official description, "tilting slightly backwards," like such of their occupants as have paid a prolonged visit to the bar during the intervals of the more strenuous operas.

The foyer, which used to have the picturesque Victorian label of "crush-room," has a new musical carpet. This does not, of course, make musical sounds when walked upon, but is adorned with a design of pan-pipes and scrolls of music-score and may be regarded as symbolic of the general British attitude to the whole art and profession of music, which is well and truly trodden underfoot.

LIGHT ON HER FEET: Frances Marsden, who dances opposite Jack Donohue—at the top of his form these days—in Firth Shephard's musical comedy, *Wild Oats*, which appears to have settled down at the Princes Theatre for a lengthy stay

Be that as it may, a vast crowd turned up for the opening performance, *Die Zauberflote*, which for this occasion might have been re-named *Die Tauberflote*, since the popular Herr Richard, making his Covent Garden debut, was the principal attraction. I would give the beauty of the orchestral playing, inspired by Sir Thomas Beecham, a Mozart enthusiast *par excellence*, first place. But Herr Tauber, known hitherto in London only in light opera, is beyond question a very fine Mozart singer. Certain critics blamed him for indulging in "musical comedy tricks." I did not notice any of these, but even if they existed they would hardly be out of place, for a more nonsensical libretto than that of this opera does not exist. The librettist tried to make it funny (it is, in fact, less funny than the worst revue or pantomime London has ever seen) and Mozart, who was a willing collaborator, certainly had no high falutin' ideas about the music he has provided for it.

Being a genius, he could not help turning out pure melodies with impeccable musicianship. But the attitude of the fanatic, whether in Bow Street or at Glyndebourne, that where there is Mozart there is holy ground would have, I fancy, seemed to no one more ridiculous than to Mozart himself.

Other points in a remarkably fine performance were the singing of Madame Lemnitz and Madame Berger, and of Herr Janssen as "The Speaker" (who has nothing whatever to do with the House of Commons). I was disappointed in the newcomer, Herr Strienz, whose deep bass notes had a rather Grock-like quality. Except for the moon in the Queen of the Night scene, which looked like a gigantic slice of melon, the "new" scenery was both impressive and decorative. Based on designs made in 1816, it shows that they knew a thing or two in those distant days not only about writing operas but about operatic *decor*.

"Der Rosenkavalier."—The "incident" which marked the first performance of the season of Strauss's masterpiece, *Der Rosenkavalier*, has now passed into history. It resulted in the popular Press giving more publicity to opera than it has done for years, and carried with it a not uninteresting lesson. I could not myself find anything wildly

INTERPRETER OF GERMAN OPERA: Madame Lemnitz, the soprano, who is appearing in several productions during the current international season at Covent Garden. She is pictured here in the character of Eva, in Wagner's *Die Meistersinger*

sensational in a singer not feeling well enough to continue and in her part being taken over by a substitute, who fortunately happened to be in the theatre. Rather exciting, if you like, for a few minutes, but not so very surprising when the fantastic difficulties of grand opera with an international company are considered. What is surprising is that when it is regarded as nothing out of the ordinary, for instance, for a singer to arrive by aeroplane from Germany just in time to appear without rehearsal on a stage he or she has never seen before, such *contretemps* are not more frequent.

Anyway, Madame Lotte Lehmann's indisposition became hot front-page news and lasted, like the indisposition, for days. I am prepared to bet that if, say, an unknown opera by Wagner were suddenly to be discovered—an opera even greater than *Die Meistersinger*—the fact would be recorded in such journals in a couple of lines if, indeed, it were to be recorded at all. But if a woman in a grand tier box lit a clay pipe there would be a couple of columns.

This was a good *Der Rosenkavalier*, though I have known better. Herr Kleiber, the conductor, refused to be unsettled by the "incident." Madame Konetzni sang gloriously as the Princess after Madame Lehmann had, as it were, retired to the pavilion, hurt. Herr Krenn was amusing as Baron Ochs, but not sufficiently rich and paunchy and heavily aristocratic. The Baron should have feudal dignity even when his amours have landed him in a mess; Herr Krenn was obviously the professional comedian.

A pet dog was led on during the *levée* scene, with the result that at least two-thirds of the audience ceased listening to the music, tittered, nudged each other, and whispered "Isn't it just too sweet?" How I hate animals on the stage! But this dog (except that an Irish terrier in Austria in the days of Maria Theresa must have been a rarity, to say the least of it) fitted in with his surroundings, did not bark or misbehave in any way, and showed himself uncannily uncanine, for he looked sympathetically towards the obviously failing Madame Lehmann with the air of a professional physician.

More Strauss on the following night, when we had *Elektra* without an incident and also without an interval. No dogs, but several goats, who were hustled off the stage before any incident could become possible. Over two hours of intensely difficult music is a task for any company and any orchestra. Evil music, if you like, and an evil drama. Strauss has never been more intoxicatingly sensuous than here, and the genius of the work is manifest throughout. Madame Pauli and Madame Thorborg, as Elektra and the unspeakable Clytemnestra, overcame triumphantly obstacles of incredible difficulty. A memorable experience. But not for babes. Not even for musical babes.

"Follies of 1938."—It is not easy for anyone who recalls the original *Follies* and the arch-Folly himself, the late Harry Pelissier, to approach the reincarnation at the Saville Theatre without adopting the attitude of a *laudator temporis acti*, and being on that account a bit of a bore. I knew the old "Follies" well, and I knew Pelissier well, so well, indeed, that I will risk saying that he would have enjoyed himself at the Saville as much as I did—that is to say, immensely.

CASINO INTERLUDE: Chance Burton (Edwir Dollie (Marion Lorne) has shot herself Beckenham Old Girls School Club, or in the Walter Hackett comedy *Toss of* talent of Marion Lorne for twittering golden-hearted, much flustered spin

"Die Tauberflote"; a Good Start at Covent Garden—The Lotte Lehmann Incident Over-Emphasised—Reincarnation at the Saville

By PHILIP PAGE

As a matter of fact, comparison between the two shows, even if it were desirable, would be pointless since they have so little in common. The original was an intimate concert party, quite unambitious in all save its wit. Its successor is really a revue, and a good one. For excellent, if sentimental, reasons, some of the old tunes—"Moon, moon, serenely shining," etc.—are included and it is no silly prejudice in favour of happy old days which makes me say that they are the best tunes in the show. But the entertainment value of the 1938 Folly vintage is as high, though necessarily of different flavour.

Mr. Gene Gerrard is a very funny thin man, and Mr. Bobbie Comber a very funny fat man. "The Convict's Return" is a first-rate burlesque, and so is that of "Snowhite," though the latter is on the longish side. Mr. John Mills is a clever actor as well as a clever comedian, and Miss Doris Hare is one of the few women who can be irresistibly diverting on broad lines. A visitor from America, Miss Niela Goodelle, is quite charming. Undoubtedly a successful Follification, this.

A BOX-OFFICE FAILURE ON THE STAGE SNAPPED UP BY HOLLYWOOD: Moira, Pam, and Elizabeth Mason (René Ray, Dorothy Hyson, and Diana Beaumont) in *Three Blind Mice* which after a short run was withdrawn last Saturday from the Duke of York's Theatre despite the fact that it had been quite well received. At the same time came the news that the Twentieth Century-Fox concern had offered the author £6,000 for the film rights

TRIANGLE TALK: Pam Mason (Dorothy Hyson), one of the husband-hunting innocents abroad, Armand de Bellecourt (Paul Erling), the gigolo, and Lady Bramber (Ellen Pollock) in the ill-fated *Three Blind Mice*

Styles) and Richard Sylvestre (Robert Andrews) believe that having lost all her money, including £4 belonging to the the gambling tables. This is just one of the many incidents *a Coin* in which the author once again exploits the inimitable in and out of difficulties. He presents her this time as a ster, supplying a fund of good dialogue to embellish the theme

"Money Talks."—The Lyceum is a large theatre and *Money Talks*, in which Sir Seymour Hicks makes a welcome return, is not by any means of the musical or spectacular kind which that vast stage can accommodate so well. At the first performance there were, I gather, certain complaints of inaudibility. At a subsequent performance which I attended that defect had been remedied and I heard every word of a thoroughly amusing play.

Frequently in these columns have I sung the praises of the French film on which it is based. This is *Ces Messieurs de la Santé*, seen not long ago at one of those London film theatres which specialise in such delightfully sophisticated entertainments, with M. Raimu in the part now played by Sir Seymour. The story concerns a shady financier, Taffard, and his progress from ruin, via prison, to a second spell of opulence and, apparently, a permanent one, for he has the French Government, who think him a fine fellow, to support him. I said "apparently" with some point, since permanence is not a feature of modern French Governments.

Taffard, in short, was not a Welshman, but Taffard was a thief, on a large and clever scale. We have the type on this side of the Channel. From beginning to end he is a fraud, but that does not make this fake's progress the less interesting. Sir Seymour plays the long part with the versatility which is so valuable an aspect of his genius. The line is mainly comedy and Taffard is seen for the most part bamboozling old women and fascinating young ones and bluffing males of all shapes and ages, from Cabinet Ministers upwards. All this is delightful in Sir Seymour's familiar *Vintage Wine* manner. But there are other moments, and that claustrophobic outburst in the prison scene served as a reminder that this theatre was once the home of tragedy.

A more than competent company, most carefully rehearsed, supports this *virtuoso* performance. Miss Cathleen Nesbitt as a rich elderly business woman had the most chances and missed none of them. Miss Phyllis Thomas, Miss Renée Gadd, and Miss Dorothy Thomas were more than just decorative. Mr. Geoffrey Sumner played an aristocratic silly ass, which he can do extremely well, and Mr. Hal Walters shone as a low comedian.

PEARL ARGYLE: A new camera-portrait of this clever dancer, who has been appearing at Sadler's Wells in *The Lord of Burleigh* and *Pomona*. Last Tuesday there was a Gala Ballet at the theatre, in which *Horoscope*, *The Judgment of Paris*, and *Les Patineurs* (for the first time) were presented in the presence of a distinguished audience including the Queen

CHARLIE McCARTHY: STRANGEST OF STARS

And Other News From the Film Firmament: Some Current London Productions

THE DOINGS OF CHARLIE McCARTHY: This ventriloquist's dummy is all the rage in America, where he is the recipient of a fan mail, as if he were a living star. His creator, Edgar Bergen, who is depicted out for a walk with him (*on left*), is merely regarded as his attendant, though certainly a very necessary one. Bergen made Charlie himself and he has now become so valuable that he is heavily insured. His peculiar figure requires special attention, which is supplied by the best tailors. Being advanced to the status of a star, Charlie has his own chair in the studio (*centre*). *On the right* Charlie and Bergen are seen outside the casting office

"THE ADVENTURES OF TOM SAWYER": Tom Kelly and Ann Gillis in Mark Twain's story of boyhood which has been admirably adapted. Tom Kelly, who plays the hero, is a new find, and he is seen again (*on right*) with Jackie Moran (Huckleberry Finn) and Walter Brennan (Muff Potter)

"BREAK THE NEWS": Jack Buchanan (*left*), bearded for the part, and pretty June Knight (*right*) appear in this satirical comedy, the première of which will be at the Cambridge Theatre on May 19, when the Duchess of Kent has promised to attend. The proceeds go to the Y.W.C.A. As René Clair has produced and directed the film, and Jack Buchanan and Maurice Chevalier are co-starring, the entertainment promises to be of the highest order. The scenes take place at Cannes and in London, where Maurice and Jack get into many amusing situations

"THE CHALLENGE": The famous ascent of the Matterhorn by Edward Whymper in 1864 has supplied the dramatic story of the film now running at the London Pavilion. The actors have had an exciting time in the Alps and Robert Douglas (left), who takes the part of Whymper, actually hung over a precipice in order that the scene of the disaster, when the rope broke, should be photographed with added realism. Luis Trenker (right) plays Carell, the Italian guide

A Page for Women

THIS YEAR'S BRIDES . . .

Reboux twists organdie ribbon into an alluring toque and sweeps it round the neck like a boa. Nothing could be more charming for a wedding reception

For a bridesmaid—a wreath of hyacinths and natural toned anemones with blue tulle ends. From Harrods

A large white hat for a country wedding, trimmed with lilies-of-the-valley and a wide-meshed veil. It comes from Harrods and is worn with a corsage of matching flowers

- like all-white weddings. There are very few tinted dresses and veils, and no musical comedy effects. Instead, the gaiety and elegance of the Edwardian era for the bridesmaids, and sheer romanticism for the bride.

- choose white guipure lace, Point-de-Venice, tulle, and, as always, satin. Picture frocks if they are very young. Slim sheaths, spreading at the hem and forming a long train, or Empire gowns if they are more sophisticated.

- wear veils that sweep backwards to the ends of their train. That are as short as a mantilla and fall, in the same way, over a tulle-covered wire frame instead of a comb. That hang just below the waist. They like net best, or tulle allied with lace. Loveliest of all, net sewn with tiny sequins and pearls, delicate as a dream.

- prefer the charm of simple head-dresses. Famous designers suggest stiffened bows of pearls and silver sequins set on to a narrow head-band. A flight of small Mercury wings set just above the brow. A spray of small white orchids pinned across the side of the hair. Or a wreath of giant lilies-of-the-valley with tender green leaves.

A SUMMER when every other evening dress is white, when head-dresses are so alluring that the only trouble is to find an occasion glamorous enough to wear them, when ribbons and bows and sequins and flowers are strewn delicately on diaphanous backgrounds, is surely full of inspirations for brides, and for bridal retinues as richly colourful as jewels or as ethereal as a choir of angels.

The piquant, the demure, the stately—all can find their ideal frock. There is the lovely, aloof charm and dignity of Maggy Rouff's silk jersey wedding dress, the sleeves long and loose, the bodice high and tight, and the skirt uncompromisingly full, with its stocking-jersey veil falling from the little peaked head-dress to the end of the train. Or the traditional beauty of Molyneux's white satin picture frock, with its lily head-dress and its fine tulle veil sewn with satin lilies.

There is Lelong's beautiful high-waisted white crêpe gown, very plain, with just a few folds to break the line of the bodice, worn with a tremendously long veil of white fish net almost completely enveloping the figure as it falls from a little Marie-Stuart peaked bandeau. And more than a few lace dresses, the design outlined with pearls and strass that sparkles like dewdrops.

There is a swing-back to natural flower bouquets, all very light and airy looking. Sprays of fragile pink orchids are exquisite. Lilies-of-the-valley set between frills of fine lace, sweet peas tied with ribbons of organza or silver gauze, white roses and lilies, yellow roses and ears of wheat, tied with a crisp nattier blue bow, are all in harmony with the new romanticism.

Schiaparelli's exquisitely simple white cotton net wedding dress, with a shirred yoke and swathed folds above the waist. The fascinating circular veil is embroidered with vivid blue sequins, and the short white gloves have an air of charming naivety

THE GENIUS of GÉRICAULT

Ten Major Works by the Great French Artist Shortly to be Auctioned in Paris

"TROIS TROMPETTES À CHEVAL": This is one of the ten major paintings by the great French painter Géricault which are to be sold in Paris on May 19 when the art collection of the Duc de Trévise is dispersed at public auction. Géricault's ruling passion in art was for horses and military subjects

"LA CHARETTE CHARGÉE DE SOLDATS BLESSÉS": Another work by Géricault evidencing his interest in military subjects. Apart from "The Raft of the Medusa" and "Derby Day," few of Géricault's pictures are known to the public, and the fact that ten of them are now coming on to the market from a private collection is a cause for deep satisfaction. It is to be hoped that some of them will be purchased by museums, so that they will be available to a wider public

ONE of the most famous private art collections in France—that of the Duc de Trévise—is to be sold by public auction in Paris on May 19. It consists of fine furniture; important seventeenth-century Gobelins tapestries, formerly in the possession of Eugene de Beauharnais and brought to Russia by the Tsar in 1814; outstanding drawings and pastels; and a remarkable collection of paintings by such masters as Michelin, de Hooch, Largillierre, Watteau, Hubert Robert, Nanteuil, Prud'hon, Delacroix, Chasseriau, Carpeaux, and Géricault.

The real significance of this great sale centres round the works—ten major paintings and twelve drawings—by the last named of these artists. Outside of the museums, the collection of the Duc de Trévise comprises by far the finest canvases painted by Géricault. In truth, except for such masterpieces as the "Epsom Derby" and the celebrated "Radeau de la Méduse," in the Louvre, Géricault is a genius who still remains little known to the public. Yet at one period, a little more than 100 years ago, his name must have been seen and read by many people in England. The "Radeau de la Méduse" was exhibited in the Paris Salon in 1819. The following year an enterprising gentleman from London engaged Géricault to have the great canvas put on tour in England and exhibited to the public from town to town. It was agreed that the artist himself was to receive 20,000 francs from the "box-office takings."

On right—"LE MARCHÉ AUX BŒUFS": A Géricault painting of awe-inspiring theme and great vitality. It is also included in the de Trévise auction

The idea was an enormous success. Indeed, certain would-be purchasers proposed having the picture cut up and sold in portions! Eventually, however, the canvas was bought by the French State.

The paintings from the collection to be sold on May 19 will undoubtedly prove to many what a great artist Géricault was. One of the reasons why his work is not so well known as, for example, that of Delacroix, his friend, is that such masterpieces as these have been guarded and treasured in the private collection of the Duc de Trévise.

A. W.

"PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG MAN": Another work by Géricault in the de Trévise collection about to be dispersed in Paris. It is widely believed to be a picture of Delacroix who formerly owned the canvas and was a great personal friend of the artist. The two men worked upon similar lines and were jointly responsible for liberating French painting from the dullness of expression obtaining in David's time

Géricault the Rebel

The Anticipator of Romanticism

GÉRICAULT, an artist whose name remains widely known but whose works have been, to the public loss, for the most part hidden away in private collections, was one of the three outstanding French painters of the early years of the nineteenth century; one of the men, indeed, who broke down the barrier of classicism, as revived by David, and pioneered the way for the ardent spirits to come.

One of the best descriptions of his genius occurs in W. Gaunt's admirable "Bandits in a Landscape," a recent Studio publication, in which the author says:—

Andre Theodore Géricault (1791–1824), sensitive, unruly, a born painter, was a prey to those dire emotions which swirled about the period. In the usual classification he is styled an anticipator rather than a founder of Romanticism. The latter title is given to Delacroix, though in fact they are twin souls, whose lives overlap and whose thoughts move in the same path. Something of that peculiar shame and distrust in human relations which had tragically affected Léopold Robert affected them also.

They felt and thought too deeply for safety, but, instead of being mere frustrate, resigned in an insipid and anæmic purity to drift out of life, they were like thoroughbred stallions, stamping and arching their necks, with a fierce yearning for freedom, throwing themselves this way and that to shake off the humiliating burden, meeting the sickly embrace of the age with an active repulsion. Their art was volcanic, impetuous, disordered, trampling down as if with sharp hooves the pretended politeness which smacked of the guiding rein.

Géricault was born at Rouen, the son of a lawyer who was fairly well-to-do, and first acquired his love for horses in roaming over the meadows round his native city, and subsequently in the extensive stables of his uncle, M. Carnel, who lived near Versailles, and with whom he stayed as a youth. He showed an early love for art and left the *Lycée* in 1808 to study under Carle Vernet. Later he worked at the school of the academic painter, Guérin, who trained his pupils strictly according to the principles of David. Guérin was not without discernment. In

(*Continued on page* 300)

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MR. WAUGH AND THE WRONG MR. BOOT

A Lively Novel with a Journalistic Theme

By VERNON FANE

"IT is difficult to make a dull garden, but old Mr. Wither had succeeded."

That is, I submit, a very promising opening to a novel, and as it is the first line of a novel by Miss Stella Gibbons no one will be surprised to hear that that promise is fulfilled. Not since *Cold Comfort Farm* has Miss Gibbons had such fun with her characters, and even if one misses that inimitable bull Big Business, there is still a Hermit, ready to call out the obscenest greetings to the primmest passers-by, or to display his bare feet with a proud ". . . there. Perfect. Every bone."

NIGHTINGALE WOOD (Longmans. 8s. 6d.) is a romantic comedy which makes full use of all the possibilities there are in that description. It measures one love story, a shop-girl's dream, against another, soberer affair and never ceases to poke satiric fun at those worthy butts, the narrow-minded papa and the nitwit society lovely.

The cheerless Essex household of a retired business man and his ineffectual wife is almost too well drawn for one's peace of mind, but then peace of mind is not a state which satirists encourage. As for the two daughters of that miserable *menage*, they show the author's wit at its best; Madge, the back-slapping golf player whose heartiness concealed a rather pathetic middle-aged woman with a passion for Sealyham puppies; and Tina, of the fading prettiness and preoccupation with self-analysis.

As Miss Gibbons would put it, "it would take Shakespeare and Proust, working in shifts" to detail the plot's vicissitudes. Enough to say that the author manages a happy ending, or rather two happy endings, without any apparent strain and that she has created an admirable character, who when composing an advertisement for an experienced chauffeur specifies that he must know how to drive

One has been too close to that kind of inanity oneself not to appreciate it in others.

Though it would be difficult to find a point of comparison between the work of Miss Stella Gibbons and Mr. Evelyn Waugh, both have an aptitude for the lively introduction, the opening passage which precipitates the reader into the very heart and tempo of the story without the waste of a single semi-colon or a single prefatory clause.

Thus, when Mr. Waugh speaks of a young man as paying a call on a lady "on a biting-cold mid-June morning" and when, furthermore, this occurs on the first page of his novel one is reassured that Mr. Waugh will be sticking close to form and, as all right-thinking people agree, that form is a satisfactorily high one.

SCOOP (Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.) is the new novel in question, declared by the author to be "about journalists," and dealing, in what one may fairly call the inimitable Waugh manner, with such phenomena as press lords (a semi-moronic class as one gathers), foreign correspondents experienced, that is, travelling with one small suitcase and some tinned food, and foreign correspondents inexperienced, that is travelling with an immense amount of tropical equipment and baggage.

Mr. Waugh's hero is in the second category, and to the amazement of himself and his colleagues is the only one of a band of newspapermen "covering" the current war to send in any exclusive news. His paper, who were on the point of sacking him for the wordiness of his cables—"They have given us permission to go to Laku and everyone is going but there is no such place am I to go too sorry to be a bore," is an example of his concise style—withdraw their decision and encourage him to cable happily and at length, and to end at least one message with the inspired words: "Lovely spring weather bubonic plague raging."

The young man, a Mr. Boot, returns to England in triumph, and it is arranged that he shall receive all due honours. This being, however, a story by Evelyn Waugh, that past-master of the slip-'twixt-cup-and-lip technique, another Mr. Boot receives the knighthood, and yet a third is the guest of honour at the celebration banquet. It was, incidentally, the wrong Mr. Boot who was sent out to Ishmaelia in the first place.

The book is funny with a kind of nightmare funniness reminiscent of *Vile Bodies*. Even when things go right it is for the wrong reasons, and generally they go wrong with maddening regularity and futility. In a way it is a book for connoisseurs in misadventure, but I don't suppose that will prevent its being a vastly popular success.

The American civil war is beginning to amass a fiction of its own. With the impetus of *Gone with the Wind* to start it, the vogue both here and in America has been for long and in the main accurately reconstructed romances of the period when the North and the South were settling their differences with the maximum of bitter feeling.

DEMPSTER & SON (Rich and Cowan. 7s. 6d.) is a capable new novel which begins in that tradition and then takes it a step further, tracing the fortunes of a family through the war and through the struggles of the reconstruction which followed it; taking them back to England and continuing their history to the present day.

But what makes the originality and the really welcome freshness in the plot is that it deals not with the loyalties of secessionists and abolitionists, but with an Englishman who comes to America on railway business, marries a lovely Southern girl and founds a family and a firm which, for the next seventy years, are to show traces of their joint inheritance.

Mr. Maurice Griffiths writes with vigour and irresistible enthusiasm for his subject, though that subject varies between the simpler humanities and the fortunes of a locomotive factory. More important still, he has the apparently simple but rare enough knack of telling a straight-forward story with conviction. His characters have reason and emotion, and they behave credibly in a very credible world.

I have seldom read of pain as realistically described as in the autobiography of young Mr. Leslie Halward. Mr. Halward was operated on for severe appendicitis some time ago, and it was while he was lying in hospital after this that he decided to write the story of his life up to the present.

There is nothing particularly unusual about that sequence of events. Lying in bed does induce the long, long thoughts of reminiscence, and to a man whose vital interest was writing it is only natural that such a plan would occur. What is a little less banal is that the author is a person for whom the word "skip" means to leap, bound, or spring and carries no meaning of omission.

In other words, he skips nothing, and instead of the quiet melancholy of convalescence we are introduced to him in the throes of an excruciatingly painful wound dressing. This is most certainly the direct method, and a fairly adequate example of Mr. Halward's style as a whole.

From the moment of the operation and its consequences the book is retrospective and we follow the author, who was the son of a Birmingham pork butcher, through his childhood, his apprenticeship to a tool-maker, his eighteen months in a factory, his work as a plasterer, and his final decision, in 1932, to live by his writing.

That was probably the most courageous decision of his life, however well justified, and as he says himself "for three years about every other day I decided that I should have to give in and go and get a job as a navvy or something, for my bit of money (a legacy of £100) was being used up, and only very occasionally did someone publish my stories".

LET ME TELL YOU (Michael Joseph. 10s. 6d.) is his first full-length book and in my judgment an ample justification for the new career.

A few mild breach of promise cases and a decorous libel case or two seem to be the sensational limit of present-day litigation. Forty or fifty years ago they ordered these things in a very different way, and learned counsel vied with less learned but equally frank reporters in their attacks and comments.

Witnesses might be described as "unhealthy fungus" or as "this thing," and speeches in court contained a degree of impassioned rhetoric which to-day might only result in a laugh. Whatever may be the popular conception of that stage of the Victorian era, it was beyond any doubt the day of the purple patch, both in literature, politics, and more mundane circles.

Mr. Horace Wyndham has chosen eight *causes célèbres* of that period and retold them with understandable relish and in modern idiom. **SOCIETY SENSATIONS** (Robert Hale. 12s. 6d.) consists of a series of very readable reconstructions of some of the affairs, both of the heart and the pocket, which most notably fluttered the Victorian dovecots.

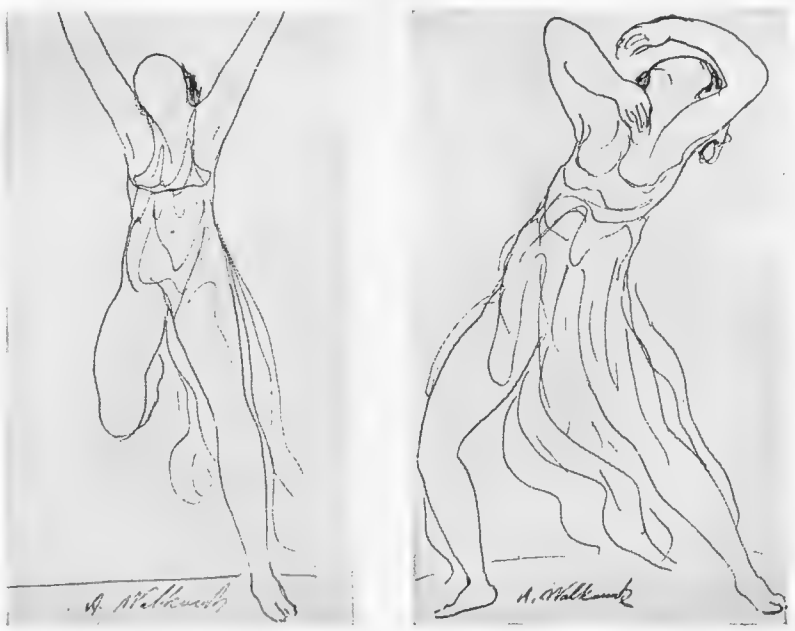
The most unlikely, it hardly deserves a stronger term, of the cases concerned a young officer accused by his Commander-in-Chief of appropriating entertainment expenses during his term of office as A.D.C. in India. This was known as the Pickles case, because of one of the items on a disputed bill. The quarrel was long and bitter and very diverting to the onlookers, among whom were counted every member of the British army in India and all their wives.

This sorry business ended with a court martial and a high-handed dismissal of the junior officer from his regiment and "a good deal of discussion on the subject in the House of Commons."

A chapter headed "A Lady Gold-Digger" and illustrated, to point the more businesslike significance of that word, with photographs of Laura Bell and Cora Pearl, deals with a Mrs. Lyon who made a packet of money out of a credulous gentleman in the Household Cavalry, and ended, sensationally enough, in the Divorce Court. The press on this occasion spared none of the more lurid adjectives and "lascivious aristocrats seeking victims for their lust" was only one of the highly descriptive phrases that enlivened their daily pages.

Altogether, one may have had some misconceptions about the universal drabness of social *moeurs* in the time of our fathers.

THE AGE OF THE WALTZ, 1844: One of the many interesting illustrations in *World History of the Dance*, an elaborately produced work by Curt Sachs just published by George Allen and Unwin



SHE BREATHED LIFE INTO THE STATUES OF THE GREEKS: Two lightning sketches of Isadora Duncan included in *World History of the Dance* (George Allen and Unwin). The author opens with the challenging statement:—"The dance is the mother of the arts. Music and poetry exist in time; painting and architecture in space. But the dance lives at once in time and space"

Books Received.—JOHN LANE THE BODLEY HEAD.—DREAMLIGHT. By F. E. Mills Young. 8s. 6d. JOHN LONG.—BEAUTY'S DAUGHTERS. By Walter Bird. Introduction by F. Matania. 12s. 6d. METHUEN.—MADELEINE DE SCUDÉRY. By Dorothy McDougall. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. NELSON.—SON OF THE MOUNTAINS. The Life of an Alpine Guide. By Julius Kugy. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. NICHOLSON & WATSON.—THE DANDY. By Laurence W. Meynell. 7s. 6d. KEGAN PAUL.—LAND OF ICE AND FIRE. By Hans A. Ahlmann. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. PUTNAM.—ONE MAN IN HIS TIME. By Moyra Charlton. 7s 6d. RICH & COWAN.—THE GREY DIPLOMATISTS. By Kenneth Edwards. Illustrated. 15s. SKEFFINGTON.—SUSSEX RENDEZVOUS. By R. Thurston Hopkins. Illustrated. 6s. TEMPLE PRESS, LTD.—MOTOR CYCLING MANUAL. 2s.

RARE SILVER

Connoisseurs can tell the maker, the town of origin and the date of every piece of silverware by examining the Hall Marks. The Hall Marks on this beautiful vase, for instance, now in the Victoria and Albert Museum, shew that it was made by Paul Storr in 1810-11, with decorations added later.

PS

P

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FRANCE LOOKS AFTER HER YOUTH: A scene in the open-air dining-room of the camp at Verneuil L'Etang where this coming summer, as in the past, several thousands of children between the ages of eight and sixteen will be sent for holidays by a society known as the "Amis de l'Enfance Ouvriere." Their keep is paid for by voluntary subscriptions from interested members of the public

LESSONS OF THE BARCELONA AIR RAIDS – (*Continued from page 277*)

"As might be expected, the buildings actually struck and those on either side of them have been reduced to a heap of shattered rubble. But in addition to this, other houses over a wide radius have suffered serious damage. Sometimes several hundred yards away windows and doors were blown in, steel shutters crumpled up, balconies ripped off, and partition walls, ceilings and floors knocked down by the terrific blast of the explosion."

GÉRICAULT THE REBEL (*Continued from page 296*)

his opinion Géricault had in him the "making of three or four painters," but he found him unmanageable, opposed to the ideas and discipline of the school.

It is recorded that if the model had the right arm raised he would draw the left arm in that position in order to have something more to do than merely to imitate. He loaded thick paint on his canvas instead of thin precise glazes, and added a startling energy of his own. On one occasion, after a hotly waged battle among the students in which Géricault accidentally hit the master with some missile, the latter turned in anger on his painting. "What is more," he said, "that," pointing to Géricault's distorted copy of his own "Invocation to Æsculapius," "is the work of a madman (*insensé*)." At the same time the insensate was studying on his own account in the Louvre, copying Rubens, Velazquez, Rembrandt, and among others, Caravaggio and Salvator Rosa.

Few modern painters have possessed so perfect a natural equipment for the practice of their art. His few attempts at sculpture show an entire understanding and command of the plastic qualities of matter, and the same instinctive sympathy appears in his handling of brush, pen and pencil; but something perished with him which he had not had time to express, something which Delacroix, his greatest disciple, tried to express in vain. If he had lived he might have shown how the artist could combine a fiercely dramatic perception of life with the calm and unimpassioned mechanics of the studio. Romanticism remained, but his own art, thus broken short, left no direction and gave rise to doubts as to whether he was not really a classical painter in disguise, or alternatively a forerunner of realism.

The circumstances of the career of this man with the ravaged features, the slightly ironical smile, help to dispel these academic questionings. He was adventurous, imaginative, capable of soaring far outside the range of technical labels. He did not need to learn how to paint, but he was not able fully to declare the important matter of his attitude to life and to carry through the adventure to the end, even to fail with the completeness of the earlier romantics.

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EMPIRE DAY (May 24). 95th Annual Meeting and Display of the Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship to be held in the Queen's Hall, Langham Place, London, W.1, 3 p.m., at which H.R.H. the Duke of Kent, K.G., will present H.M. Queen Mary's "Be good and do good" prizes. 34,169 boys and girls have been trained to become useful citizens of our great Empire. Secure your ticket. Prices 5s. and 2s. 6d. reserved. Unreserved free. Obtainable from 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

THE TURKISH PREMIER'S VISIT TO GREECE: M. Bayer (towards right) about to shake hands with an officer when reviewing the famous kilted "Evzone" guards in Athens. On the left is the Greek Premier, General Metaxas, and walking with him is the Turkish Foreign Minister. Greece and Turkey have lately negotiated a new treaty of friendship

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DISPLACING TWO ROADS: An aerial view of the semi-circular by-pass road through the New Forest at Cadnam, Hants. The two roads which it renders obsolete and which are now becoming overgrown can be seen running away to the left and right

THE BUDGET AND THE MOTORIST

How the National Accounts Affect the Road User

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

THE general public are, I think, unable to decide whether Sir John Simon's Budget is worse or better than was anticipated, and in a like manner I find motorists very divided in their opinions as to whether we are better or worse off than we feared. Undoubtedly, the Trade were of the opinion that the Chancellor might have been tempted to restore the horse-power tax to its old figure of one pound. As this did not take place, we were naturally pleased, but our joy was slightly restrained on account of having another penny added to the petrol tax.

In reality this extra penny is not really very dreadful, because it is not so long ago that the price of petrol was 1s. 7½d. a gallon, so I really do not think that we can legitimately moan as motorists. Of course, we must not forget that the extra penny is not likely to come off for many a long day, whereas if the price of petrol is increased by the suppliers, there is always a sporting chance that if they put a halfpenny or a penny a gallon on to-day they may take it off in a month or a year.

Needless to say, our great grievance as motorists remains. We have our transport tax increased and there is no indication whatever that the road problem will be tackled seriously. The railways are not taxed, but on the other side of the balance sheet they have quite a formidable expenditure in the shape of track maintenance. Motor transport was originally taxed with the idea that the money thus collected would be spent on improvements and maintenance of our roads. As the Railway v. Road battle was then beginning, it seemed quite a fair impost to place on road traffic, and those interested accepted the levy because they considered that in so doing they would obtain better and safer roads. As we know, the tax collected from the motoring public now goes into the general Fund and all we get are insignificant improvements to existing roads.

Of course, there are committees and groups of learned men investigating what ought to be done to make our roads safe and suitable for the traffic now in existence. I suppose that the deliberations will go on for years and when any decisions have been made they will be suitably shelved. Some years ago we were told that the Government would spend £100,000,000 on the trunk roads in this country. I do not know what the exact sum paid out amounts to, but the five years have almost gone and the purse strings have scarcely been loosened. I think, therefore, that we motorists are suffering under genuine grievances.

I am not going to pretend that the Government need worry whether I have a sick headache over the matter or not, but the regrettable fact must be known to them that the motor trade, which, I think, is the third biggest industry in the country, is suffering severely at the moment due to its being over taxed. When any trade of importance is affected in this way it is surely the business of the Government of the day to ease the burden.

The railways apparently are left untouched, and we would not mind this favoured treatment, realising that their continued existence in a state of efficiency is of national importance, if the Government would realise at the same time that wide straight roads were likewise necessary for national defence. Motorists would not mind their present scale of particular taxation if they thought that the money they contributed was being wisely spent on really comprehensive road improvements which would not only make motoring safer and pleasanter than at the moment, but which would make for our greater safety in time of dire emergency.

The other evening I had to drive fairly late at night from Rochester to Leatherhead. Realising, as the result of many years of bitter experience, that cross-country runs though shorter in distance are usually longer in time than journeys on main roads, I set out to go to London and then come down the Kingston by-pass to Leatherhead.

However, when I got to within ten miles of the metropolis I saw a very prominent sign-board pointing in the direction of Croydon and so I was tempted to shorten the

(Continued on page 312)

"DO WELL AND FEAR NOT"—"BE SOBER, BE VIGILANT" run the appropriate inscriptions on this old village lock-up at Shenley, near Barnet, which is now used for storing road-menders' tools but once accommodated "drunks" and brawlers until such time as they could be taken before the magistrates. It was probably built in the middle of the eighteenth century. Standing near it is one of the smart Vauxhall Fourteens

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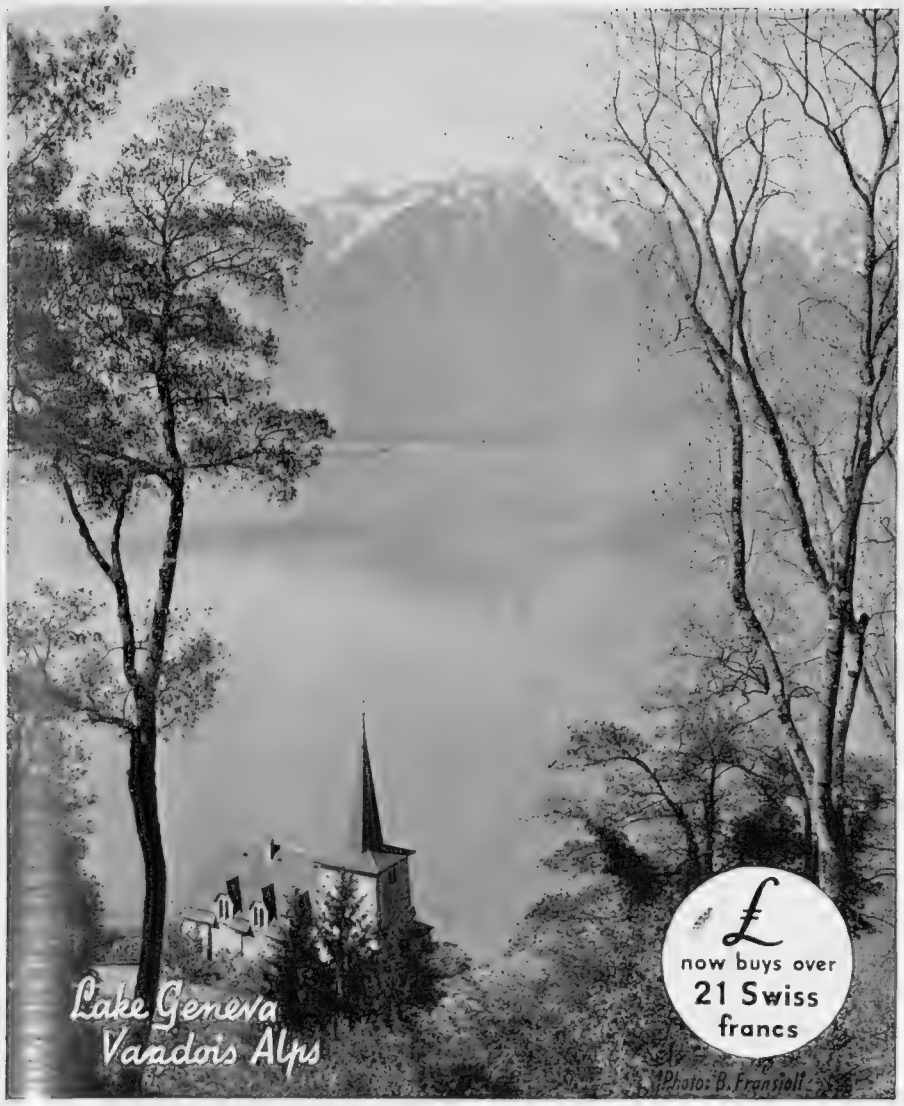

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INFORMATION: Advice and free descriptive Literature from The Swiss Federal Railways and State Travel Bureau, 11-B Regent Street, London, S.W.1, Whitehall 9851. Railway Continental Enquiry Offices and Travel Agents.

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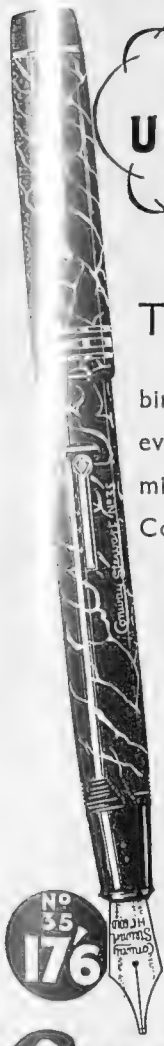

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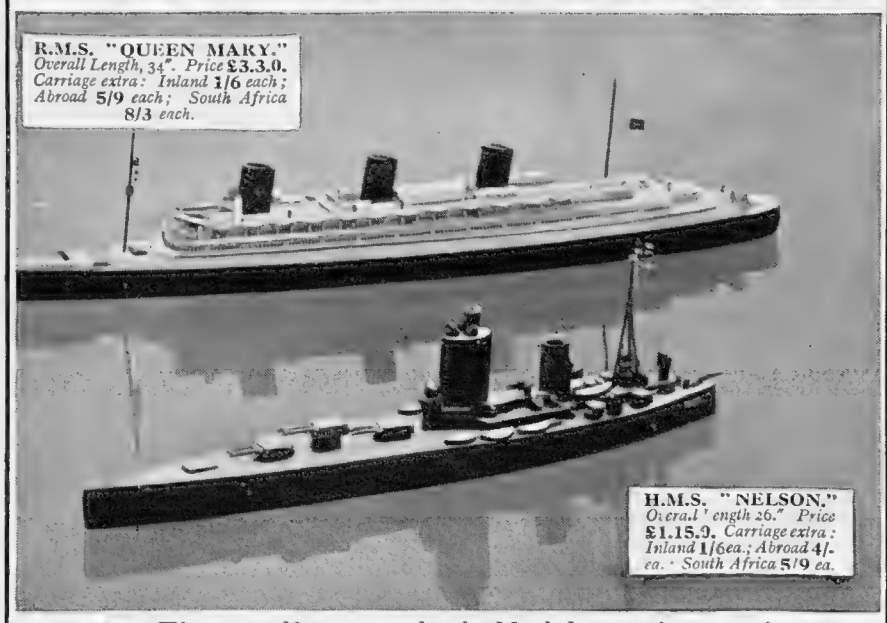

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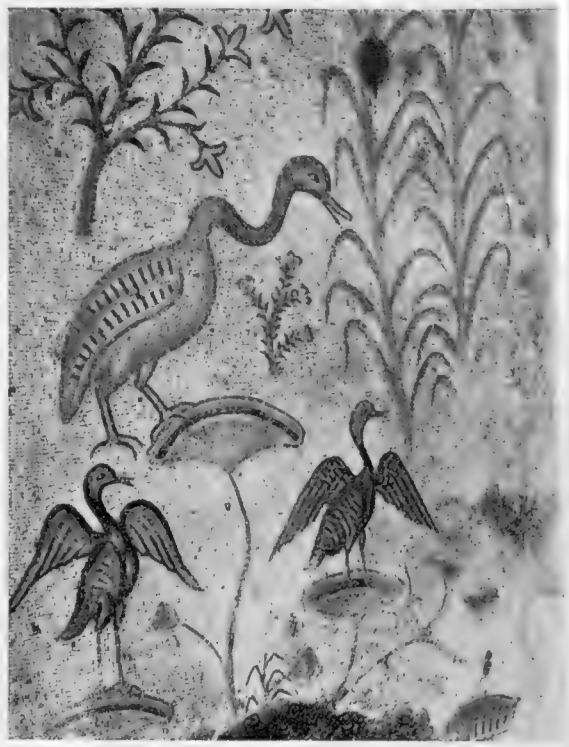
WHERE ONE OF THE GREAT MIRACLES TOOK PLACE: This chapel standing at Tabgha, on the northern shore of Galilee, has been built by Major A. A. Gordon, a Scottish archæologist, to mark the supposed site of Our Lord's feeding of the multitude

A SCOTSMAN BUILDS A CHAPEL IN GALILEE

AT Tabgha, on the northern shore of the Sea of Galilee, in Palestine, Major A. A. Gordon, a Scottish archæologist, has built a chapel to preserve the mosaics found on the site of the miracle of feeding the multitude with loaves and fishes, as recorded in the gospel story. Writers give a description of the basilica which was erected here in the early centuries to commemorate the event and which was known as the Church of the Multiplication of the Loaves and Fishes. The nun, Etheria Silvia, who visited Palestine in 386, gives a description of the church, saying how there was a stone, 3 ft. in width, beneath the altar which she declares was accepted as the spot where Christ stood while distributing the loaves and fishes. By the altar is a mosaic picture of five loaves and two fishes.

A SHOW PLACE OF GALILEE: The interior of the new chapel which stands on the site of a basilica, containing many fine mosaics, destroyed in the seventh century

The basilica was known to have been in existence in the sixth century, but it had entirely disappeared, ruined, it is believed, by an earthquake in the next century, and had since been completely lost. Excavating here a few years ago Father J. Tapper, of the Hospice at Tabgha, came upon the remains of the altar and mosaic of the loaves and fishes as well as other mosaics of waterfowl, birds, and foliage. True, some of the mosaics were damaged, but archæologists agreed that they were well worth preserving. The Palestine Government was only prepared, however, to make a grant of £100, which was insufficient to meet the cost of placing a building over the site of the basilica. This was necessary to preserve the mosaics from the rains. It was at this juncture that Father Tapper opened his heart to a Scots friend, Major Gordon. He promptly agreed to raise a sum of £400 and instructed Father Tapper to proceed with the work. The result is the chapel which now marks the site of the miracle. H. J. S.



On right—
A RICH, BYZANTINE MOSAIC now incorporated in the structure of the new chapel

NO BLONDES TO GREET THE FUHRER: These dark-eyed peasant folk from the Pontine marshlands, only lately reclaimed to agriculture, epitomise the Italian cast of countenance that is so opposed to the fair Nordic type glorified by the Nazi regime in Germany. Among the arrangements made for Hitler's visit to Italy was a display of folk-dancing

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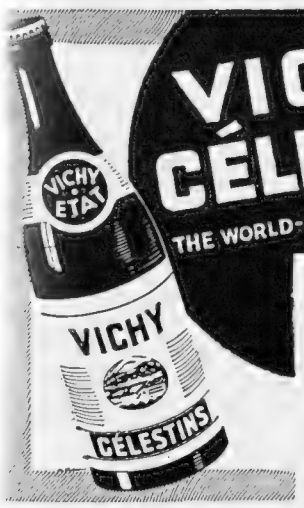

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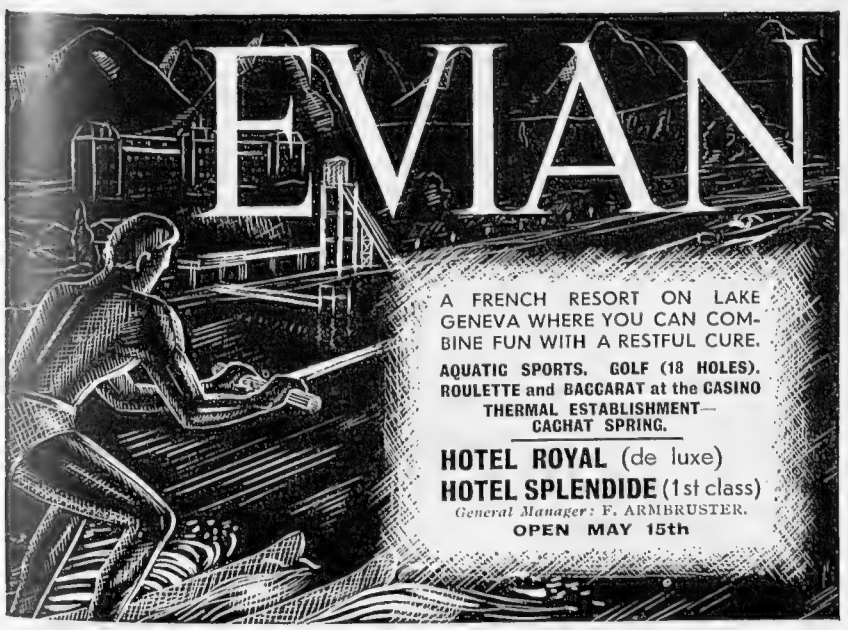

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CVS—34

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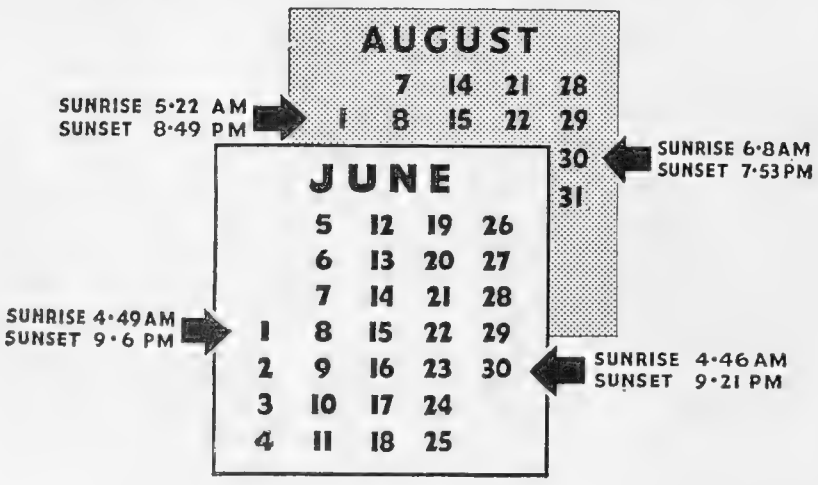

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OFF THE BEATEN TRAVEL TRACK: These quaint, round homesteads, known as *trulli*, are a characteristic, but to the tourist a little-known feature of the country round Alberobello, near Bari and the heel of Italy. The stone roofs are in some ways reminiscent of the Kentish oast houses, and their whitewashed walls lend an air of freshness to the sun-scorched landscape

A STREET IN ALBEROBELLO with the quaint, round houses of which the town is largely made up. The well-to-do inhabitants own several *trulli*, linking them together

WASHING DAY IN ALBEROBELLO: Another typical scene in this unexpected little town where the tourist, if he venture there, will find so much that is picturesque. A correspondent who recently visited the district writes:—In Alberobello (Silva Arboris Belli) all the houses are round, the door serving as window. These *trulli* are painted white, to where the pointed roof of grey stone begins. Inside everything is white, and covered with spotless, white linen. More surprising still is the country between Alberobello and Locorotondo where, among rocks, red and white, and strange groups of high growing Indian figs, the fantastic farm houses consist of many *trulli* placed together according to the needs of the farmer, his family, and his possessions. They are sometimes painted with wide strips of colour

THE ROUND HOUSES OF ALBEROBELLO

A Little Town Near the Heel of Italy, and Its Quaintly-Shaped Homesteads

THE MIDNIGHT SUN.—Back in the comparatively early days of travel, for sightseeing purposes a visit to the waters of northern Norway to see the sun at midnight made a strong appeal to the imagination. It seems to me that in recent years we have heard less about it, but this season there is a marked revival of interest, perhaps because its placidness suggests a sanctuary from the strifes of Western Europe. On the other hand, there is great novelty about it, and the cruise north from Bergen, mostly in sheltered waters, is an unending panorama of scenic grandeur, with calls at many of the delightful little ports long enough to allow excursions ashore. When weather permits, passengers are landed at North Cape, where the full dial of the sun is visible from this week-end (May 15) to July 29. At Tromso, farther south, the period is shortened by nearly a fortnight. One of the places of call is Honningsvaag, and from there you can go to Hamvbukt by local steamer, then by car to Karasjok, the Lapplanders' capital.

Travel Marks.—Very good evidence that Germany wants tourists in Austria is provided by the extension of the use of travel marks to that country. This should finally dispose of some of the panicky stories which sprang up at the time the new order of things was brought about. Germany has done so much in recent years to attract tourists that she was not likely to have a different policy for the new province.

Travel mark cheques may be cashed there just as they have been in Germany in past years. It should be noted also that the Reichsmark is now legal tender in Austria and amounts still quoted in Austrian schillings can be paid for with reichsmarks at the official rate of one reichsmark per one and a half Austrian schillings.

Vicenza.—Italy has so much to offer the traveller that in drawing up an itinerary it is very difficult to decide what to leave out. A place too often passed by is Vicenza, which owes so much to one of its sons, Andrea Palladio, the great builder. There in the sixteenth century he brought to life again the art of ancient Rome, and his masterpieces remain. Yet with the strength and power of Rome Vicenza combines the lightness and grace of Venice. It is not a place you can see in a few hours.

You will not easily find anything to surpass the Piazza dei Signori, the magnificent square which is virtually the heart of the city. It has an array of buildings characterising all the various styles of architecture and dominated by the basilica, Palladio's great work. Nearby rises Vicenza's best-known landmark, the slender Torre di Piazza (fourteenth–fifteenth centuries), 270 ft. high. The place has modern history, too, for it was the headquarters of the 1st Army in the great war and those distant heights, Monte Grappa and the Asiago Plateau, saw the conflict at its grimmest and most difficult. To-day the province has a smiling and varied countryside, although 150,000 of the fallen are asleep in its bosom. Vicenza is on the national high road connecting Venice with Milan, and it is only an hour's run from the former; a little more from the latter.

Pilgrimages.—The season of pilgrimages is at hand and in this part of the world the place which immediately comes to mind is Lourdes. A considerable number go from the British Isles by the special pilgrim trains, but the famous grotto draws them from many countries and in all Lourdes will receive something like 140 major pilgrimages, the adjective applying to those in which more than 1,000 people take part. The biggest of them all is the French national pilgrimage in August which often exceeds

SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU

NOTES FROM NEAR AND FAR

The Midnight Sun Is Rising: Where Rome and Venice Blend: The New Season of Pilgrimages

50,000 people. From the purely travel point of view Lourdes represents a stupendous undertaking.

Apart from the religious interest the little town in the department of Hautes Pyrenees is a delightful centre for tourists. There are the mountain resorts of Gavarnie, the source of the Gave, where there is perpetual snow, the Col d'Espagno, the Col d'Aubisque, and amid delightful scenery is Cauterets, one of the best known Pyrenean spas, on a branch line from Lourdes. Biarritz is only three hours' journey away.

In the wider interpretation pilgrimages from this country are arranged for this summer to the French cathedrals, to the chateaux country, and to literary centres. Conferences, congresses and international fairs are also responsible for widespread travel and it is a certainty that the delegates and visitors see not a little of the countries they visit in addition to the cities where their meetings are held.

The Holy Land.—Taking advantage of the off season rates a very enjoyable month may be spent on a visit to the Near East. You travel by one of the regular liners from this country to Port Said and then by rail across the desert to Jerusalem. Two days are allowed in that neighbourhood and then returning to Egypt there is time to see the Pyramids and quite a lot of Cairo before going to Port Said to join the home-bound liner. The sea journey inevitably takes up a lot of time, but you pack quite a lot into the time ashore.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

The following is a selection from recent replies sent to readers who have addressed queries to "The Sphere" Travel Bureau. Every letter is answered individually, and we publish these particular examples as being of interest to prospective travellers generally.

St. Briac.—This picturesque little port about five miles from Dinard is a very good centre for Brittany. The Golf Hotel is the best, but we can also recommend the Britannia, where you can stay for 45 francs per day. The coastal scenery is so varied, and there is so much to see in the way of picturesque costumes and architecture that the taking of a car is strongly recommended. You could motor across via Josselin to Douarnenez where we recommend the Europe which charges 25 francs per day. If you would like a place with excellent bathing and rather fashionable, go to La Baule where there are several excellent hotels. We suggest the Cecil (50 to 75 francs per day, room and pension) or the Majestic (30 to 60 francs per day). Nearby is La Croisic, if you feel La Baule would be too noisy, and there we suggest the Lassalle hotel (25 francs per day). On no account miss St. Michel.

Lake Thun.—Some of the resorts on the lake are ideal for a restful holiday. Gunten on the northern shore, for instance. Oberhofen is a bit livelier. The picturesque old town of Thun would probably appeal to you. It has a kursaal and it is an excellent centre for excursions in the Bernese Oberland. Spiez, on the southern side of the lake, has an excellent position at the head of two beautiful valleys.

Bermuda.—The island is a popular resort all the year round and the peak of its traffic is round about Easter when the flowers are at their best. The reduced rates which operate from this country for about four months are now in force. A round trip of about four weeks which gives rather more than a week ashore costs about 50 guineas, including hotel accommodation.

Beverley Brooke

AT THE SERVICE OF OUR READERS

"The Sphere's" Bureau of Travel Information

The Editor begs to remind his readers that the services of "The Sphere's" Travel Bureau are fully at their disposal. Inquiries by letter addressed to "The Sphere" Travel Bureau, 32–34, St. Bride Street, E.C.4, will be promptly answered. Personal and telephone inquiries cannot, however, be accepted

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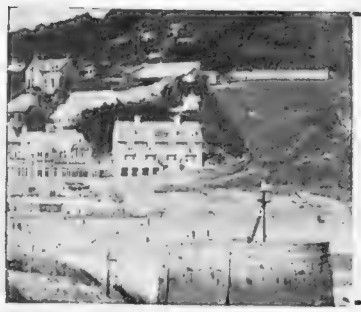

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In Quest of

Children's Holidays are Always may be Found on the

SANDS, sea, and sunshine! An excellent trio when they can be persuaded to work in concert. The sea is easily obtainable; there are stretches of sands at most points of our coast line, but the sun? It is the one element which can upset our most carefully laid plans.

Unfortunately, children these days ask—almost demand—that the trio shall be found for them, and if the sunshine lets them down it is, of course, the parents and not the clerk of the weather who is blamed.

It is an interesting fact, in the search for the essential trio, that there are certain points in the British Isles where one can be reasonably sure, from meteorological calculations, of sunshine in the month of June. Curiously enough, the most unlikely place comes first, namely, the eastern side of Great Britain. For many years the coast-line of Lincolnshire, Norfolk, and Suffolk has been recognised as the drier side of Britain, and there are certain patches of this coast-line, particularly round Sheringham in Norfolk and Thorpeness in Suffolk, where there is evidently a providential decree to the effect that as these two places are such a children's paradise, the sun must on no account think of taking even a half-day off!

In mentioning these two particular places one must also remember that the more less-adjacent spots share in this "hardy annual" sunshine decree.

I have mentioned these two places because they each have a wide appeal and make adequate provision for children's comforts. Take Sheringham first. Sheringham to-day is still comparatively unspoilt, but it has grown like every other place, yet nothing can destroy the sands at Sheringham, the Sheringham Woods (a mass of flowers in June) and, above all, the grounds of the Sheringham Hotel, where there is ample scope for children to play, free from the dangers of the road.

Sheringham is as perfect a place as one would wish for a family holiday, for after all, it is the family as a whole that one has to consider and not just the children. The grown-ups can play golf on the Sheringham Links, but a minute or two away from the hotel; family parties can be made up for a picnic on the Broads. And an excursion must of course be made to see Sandringham House. And Sheringham lobsters are in season in June!

Children's holidays are always a problem, but I do believe that the Sheringham Hotel has gone a long way towards meeting parents as regards expense by making an all-inclusive rate of 5 guineas per person for grown-ups and 3 guineas for children, for any time during the month of June and the early part of July. As this rate applies to the whole of the hotel, it is a case of first come, first served!

Now we come to Thorpeness in Suffolk, which is about two miles north of Aldeburgh. Thorpeness is a privately owned village from which all charabancs, pierrots, and concert parties are rigidly barred. Here you can take a furnished

Pied-a-terre . . .

must be *comfortable*—luxurious beds and appointments in every bedroom.
must be *central*—the hotel overlooks Hyde Park and is immediately accessible to all parts of the West End and City.
must be *economical*—the terms are surprisingly moderate and offer incomparable value. All the essentials of a pied-a-terre are found at the Alexandra.

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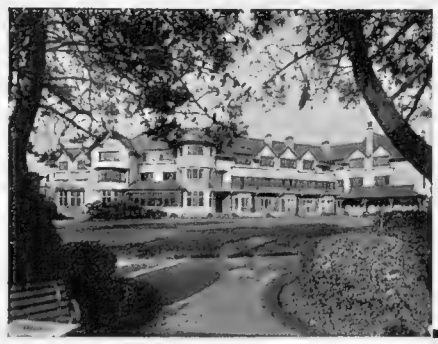

An hotel of quality and charm for a summer of content. A bedroom or suite with a peaceful view and every luxury (and a private bathroom if you wish). The quiet dignity of the lounges, the cuisine and the cellar . . . all bespeak quality.
Parkstone Golf Course is adjacent: five others close by. The entertainments of Bournemouth comfortably within reach, but out of hearing. Canford Cliffs is the resort for summer—an hotel of quality for people of quality. Lift. Garage for 40 cars.
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FREE GOLF ON PRIVATE 18-HOLE COURSE (6,361 yards) IN OWN PARK OF 230 ACRES.

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Full en pension with free service to station, magnificent solarium, billiards, tennis, dancing, squash rackets, electric gymnasium, all free. Riding. The ideal residence where congenial company and country house atmosphere can always be found. Hot and cold water, telephone and radiator in every room. Numerous suites and rooms with private baths. Moderate inclusive terms.

SELSDON COURT HOTEL, in same park, at first tee of Golf Course. Inclusive summer terms from 4½ gns. per week.

Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

a Problem, but the Solution

Norfolk and Suffolk Coasts

house on your own, and by some miraculous means the estate will provide you servants! Just tell them what time you will arrive and you will find tea, lunch, or whatever it is, laid out on the table. I hope, too, I am correct in saying that when you leave they will do the clearing up for you.

In front of me is a most enticing book concerning Thorpeness. It shows jolly kids sailing miniature sailing craft on a miniature sea, for here there is a most ingenious artificial sheet of water called The Mere. It is so shallow that the worst that can happen is a ducking, yet it is all terribly romantic, especially when you sail across this wide, wide sea to Wendy's Home, the Pirates' Lair and goodness knows where else.

Apart from The Mere there are good sands, unspoilt by trippers, excellent riding, tennis and everything there is to enjoy. If the idea of a furnished house does not appeal to you, there are some guest houses, a country club, and a delightful little inn called the Dolphin.

Dismiss from your mind any thought of going to Thorpeness in August, as it is always full.

The great advantage of taking children to either Sheringham or Thorpeness is that in addition to sand, sea and sun there is bracing air in abundance.

Jersey.—In my recent article on Jersey, I mentioned that the plane goes every day to Heston except Sundays I have just had a note from the Jersey Airways who point out that their service from London—or for that matter from Southampton — operates every day throughout the year with no exception.

St. Brelade's Bay, Jersey, which is only ten minutes from the air port, St. Peter's, Jersey, is *the* most admirable place for children and what added excitement it would lend to their holiday if you were to tell them that you were going by air.

"The Signpost." — Mr. W. G. McMinnies has recently sent me a copy of his admirable, useful and independent guide to what he terms "pleasant ports of call."

Mr. McMinnies, like myself, spends his time in discovering good hotels, ancient and modern, and inns famed for their hospitality and comfort. His new section on Scotland will be invaluable to those touring up there with the Exhibition as their first objective.

Another aspect of *The Signpost* which I personally find most useful is the table alongside the index, whereby you can tell at a glance what sporting facilities are available.

The Signpost costs 3s. 6d. and is obtainable through your local bookseller. It should permanently reside in the pocket of your car . . . as it does in mine.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries cannot be accepted.*

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. . AWAKENED again in the evening to the clink of glasses in the bar, the murmur of conversation at dinner . . . and finished up to the strains of Shirley Waldron's Band keeping time in the Ballroom?

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- It is always dry and sunny at Sheringham in June.
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- We offer special terms for the month of June: in fact, up to July 7th, we offer every one of our 120 bedrooms at the inclusive weekly rate per person of 5 guineas, children 3 guineas.
- Last, but not least, Sheringham lobsters are in season!

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THE SPHERE REGISTER OF HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

SCOTTISH HOTELS

Aberfeldy.—Taymouth Castle Hotel.
Abington.—Abington Hotel.
Ballater (Deeside).—Cambus O'May Hotel.
Braemar.—Fife Arms Hotel.
Braemar.—Invercauld Arms Hotel.
Dornoch.—Dornoch Hotel.
Dunkeld.—Amulree Hotel.
Dunkeld.—The Birnam Hotel. Tel. 24.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel. Tel. 31295.
Edinburgh.—Braid Hills Hotel. Tel. 54748/9.
Fife.—The Lundin Links Hotel.
Galloway.—Southwick House. Tel. Southwick 7.
Glencoe.—Glencoe Hotel. Tel. Ballachulish 45.
Glendevon.—Castle Hotel.
Gullane.—The Marine Hotel.
Kyle of Lochalsh.—Lochalsh Hotel.
Loch Ard (Aberfoyle).—Forest Hills Hotel.
Lochearnhead.—Auchraw Hotel. Telephone 3.
Lockerbie.—Lockerbie House Hotel.
Muchalls (nr. Aberdeen).—Marine Hotel.
North Berwick.—Marine Hotel.
Oban.—Great Western Hotel.
Oban.—Station Hotel.
Onich.—Creagdhu Hotel.
Perth.—Royal George Hotel.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Perthshire.—Trossachs Hotel, Loch Katrine.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Fisher's Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Scotland's Hotel.
Stirlingshire.—Buchanan Castle.
Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.
Strathpeffer.—Highland Hotel.
Tomintoul (Banffshire).—Richmond Arms Htl.
Tweedsmuir (Peeblesshire).—The Crook Inn.
Tyndrum.—Royal Hotel. Tel. 2.

BRITISH HOTELS

Abingdon.—Crown and Thistle (Oxford. 6 miles)
Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Arundel.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 3245.
Barton Mills (Nr. Bury St. Edmunds).—Bull Inn.
Bath.—The Empire.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel.
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281, 3282, 3283.
Beaulieu (New Forest).—Montagu Arms. Tel. 324
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Bigbury Bay (S. Devon).—Burgh Island Hotel.
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Boscombe (Bournemouth).—Chine Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 234.
Bray-on-Thames.—Hinds Head Hotel.
Brighton.—Sixty Six Hotel. Tel. Hove 1637.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Brockenhurst.—Balmer Lawn Htl., New Forest.
Bude.—Grenville Hotel. Tel. 15.
Bude.—The Hartland Hotel. Tel. 263.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Cambridge.—Blue Boar Hotel. Tel. 3030.
Cambridge.—University Arms. Tel. 2557
Canterbury.—The County Hotel.
Cheltenham.—Queen's Hotel.
Coverack (Cornwall).—Headland Hotel.
Cromer.—The Cliftonville Hotel.
Cromer.—The Grand Hotel.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Dorchester.—Antelope Hotel. Tel. 1.
Downderry (Cornwall).—Wide Sea Guest Hse.
Droitwich Spa.—Raven Hotel.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms.
Dulverton (Som.)—Woodcote Hotel. Tel. 129.
Eastbourne.—Alexandra Hotel.
Eastbourne.—Cumberland Hotel. Tel. 4200.
East Wittering.—Shore Hotel.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Exmouth.—Knappe Cross Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Findon. nr. Worthing.—Findon Manor Hotel.
Folkestone.—Princes Hotel.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 2219.
Forest Row (Sussex).—Roebuck Hotel. Tel. 124.
Hailsham.—Woodside Hotel. Tel. 57.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Holford (Somerset).—Alfoxton Park Htl. Tel. 11.
Hove.—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
Hythe (Kent).—Seaview Hotel, Seabrook.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Lee-on-Sea (Devon).—Southcliffe Hall Hotel.
Lewes (Sussex).—White Hart Hotel. Tel. 94.
Littlehampton.—Southlands Private Hotel.
Looe.—Boscarn Hotel.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Lyme Regis.—Royal Lion Hotel. Tel. 14.
Lynton.—Lee Abbey Hotel.
Lynton.—Valley of Rocks Hotel.
Malvern.—County Hotel.
Malvern.—Malvern House Hotel. Tel. Malvn. 338
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Marlborough (Wilts.).—Ailesbury Arms Hotel.
Matlock.—Smedley's Hydro. Tel. 17 (3 lines).
Mere (Wilts.).—Old Ship. Tel. 58.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 511.
Northumberland.—Otterburn Hall Hotel. Tel. 26
Ockham.—The Hautboy. Ripley 20.
Oxford.—Mitre Hotel. Tel. 2335 and 3840.
Oxford.—Randolph Hotel. Tel. 2251 (2 lines).
Polzeath (Cornwall).—Dorrit Hotel.
Pulborough.—Lodge Hill Htl. Tel. Bury (Sx) 111
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Reading.—Upcross Hotel. (Thames two miles.)
Royal Leamington Spa.—Manor House Hotel.
Ruan-High-Lanes (S. C'nwall).—Pendower Htl.
St. Annes-on-the-Sea.—Grand Hotel. Tel. 55.
St. Ives (Hunts).—The Pike and Eel Inn.
St. Mawes.—Pen-e-Glos. Telephone 209.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Salcombe (Devon).—Beadon Prior Htl. Tel. 193
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
Scarborough.—Holbeck Hall.
Sheringham.—Sheringham Hotel.
Shrewsbury.—Raven Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Fortfield Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Victoria Hotel.
Southport.—Prince of Wales Hotel.
Stow-on-the-Wold.—Talbot Hotel. 'Phone 31

In Quest of

Where to Stay if You Are Scotland: Some First-rate Courses

TO write a comprehensive article on golfing in Scotland would be an encyclopædic work. For golf is one of Scotland's natural industries, and with the exception of the Highlands and other comparatively uninhabited parts, one does not have to go far before one sees a little red flag fluttering in the distance.

There are certain courses so well known that even non-golfers are conscious of their existence, and the lure of St. Andrews—the home of golf—is such that I have personally known Americans who, though no addicts to the game, told me they were just off to St. Andrews to "give it the once over"! Of course, it may be that their mission was to see the Carnegie Library, but I suspect that it was so that they could say afterwards that they had "holed out on the 18th."

This article is not intended so much for the serious minded golfer as for those who will be touring through Scotland this year with a bag of golf clubs dumped in the back of the car.

No matter where you play, the courses are all so good that if golf courses in heaven come up to their standard, high or low handicapped players may look forward . . . expectantly!

One of the three principal centres of golf in Scotland is the Ayrshire coast where you get a galaxy of courses, including such well-known ones as Prestwick and Turnberry. Here all types of golfers can have also a wide choice of hotel accommodation and golf courses. If he wishes to do himself really well, he will probably stay at the LMS hotel at Turnberry, an hotel which is so magnificently run and so comprehensive in the facilities it offers that it is the mecca not only of golfers, but of tennis players and all who enjoy a holiday brimmed full of outdoor pursuits.

Another hotel on this coast, much smaller but very cheerful and attractive in its own category, is the South Beach Hotel at Troon. Troon is a great place, not only for golf but for a holiday generally.

An almost equally famous golf centre is the coast which runs from North Berwick to Edinburgh. Here I would make a choice between two Marine hotels—which have no connection with each other—the Marine at North Berwick and the Marine at Gullane.

The Marine at North Berwick is situated on the famous North Berwick golf links, and looks straight across to the islands of the Firth of Forth. Here, from the windows of the lounge, you can look right across the whole estuary of the Forth with the Fifeshire coast and the Ochil Hills in the distance, and the Bass Rock, Fidra, the Lamb, Craigleith and other islands close at hand.

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FACING THE ISLE OF SKYE. BEAUTIFUL RUGGED SCENERY. COMPLETELY REBUILT AND MODERN IN EVERY DETAIL.

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Established over 300 years.
Among the hills of the Borderlands; 48 miles from Empire Exhibition. Famous Willie Wastle's Cocktail Bar; Trout fishing on Tweed and Talla. Tariff free.
TWEEDSMUIR, PEEBLESSHIRE, SCOTLAND
'Phone: Polmood 2. 'Grams: "Crook, Polmood."

Good Hotels—II

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

Planning a Golfing Holiday in for the Tyro and the Expert

From the exterior, the Marine is one of those formidable looking hotels which belie their attractiveness within. It is thoroughly modernised, the windows of the lounge are fitted with Vita glass, and it is one of those hotels where you never need bother about the weather, as central heating has been so installed that it is always warm throughout.

But for those who would prefer to be more centrally situated for the variety of golf courses which are in this area, I would recommend the Marine Hotel at Gullane, which attracts every year an exceedingly nice crowd of people, not only from Scotland but from all parts of Great Britain, who appreciate the pleasures of a first-class hotel. Here there is a certain degree of informality, for whilst one usually dresses for dinner, no one would show any mild surprise if you appeared less conventionally.

The other gateway to good golf, to complete the three principal centres of Scotland, is the Lundin Links Hotel on the Fifeshire coast. This might be said to be Gullane's opposite number, for if you will refer to the map, you will find Lundin Links, or Largo, which is the actual name of the district, immediately opposite Gullane on what is Scotland's only piece of south coast.

It has always seemed to me curious that Lundin Links is so comparatively little known, and one can only assume that St. Andrews has stolen most of its thunder. The Lundin Links, like Gullane, is an ideal place for the golfer and his family. The links themselves are excellent, and are in easy strolling distance of the hotel. There are good links at Elie, next door, and St. Andrews is about 12 miles away.

But for those who are going to make golf a secondary item of their Scottish holiday, there are other excellent places at which good golf can be enjoyed in the heart of the most beautiful scenery. Take Taymouth Castle, for example. Here is a very first-class hotel on the banks of the Tay; here in the heart of the Highlands you can fish, play tennis and badminton, spend days travelling through the romantic countryside, or at any time step out of the front door on to a first-class eighteen-hole golf course, designed by Braid.

Alternatively, with the Empire exhibition, as well as sight-seeing, as your objective, you can stay at Buchanan Castle, the seat of the Duke of Montrose, which is only 18 miles from the exhibition. Here again, practically outside the front door of this beautiful ducal mansion is an 18-hole championship golf course where you can always be excused for lifting your head, because the scenery is such that it has that magnetic effect.

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GLASGOW Stay at

BUCHANAN CASTLE
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Eighteen Miles from Exhibition

Eighteen Hole Championship Golf Course, Tennis, Fishing, all within a few miles of the Famous and Beautiful Trossachs.

Every Modern Convenience

For Tariff and Particulars apply Manageress, Buchanan Castle, Drymen, Glasgow.
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IS YOUR FIRST STOPPING PLACE IN SCOTLAND.
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FOREST HILLS HOTEL
offers you all the amenities of an up-to-date hotel in the metropolis. Running water in every bedroom. A cuisine above reproach. Golf. Motoring. Free Fishing. Tele. Kinloch Ard, 210. Fully Licensed.
LOCH ARD — ABERFOYLE — PERTHSHIRE

THOUSANDS of Sassenachs will visit Scotland this spring . . . and at The Marine we are waiting to show them Scotland at her best. A first-class hotel with a high standard of comfort; good cooking and good company, showing Scottish hospitality at its best, three first-class golf-courses at our door and five more within a radius of five miles, sandy beaches and bathing . . . and a fine climate with an abnormally low rainfall, all await you at
THE MARINE HOTEL, GULLANE
EAST LOTHIAN - SCOTLAND
Moderate terms. Write now to H. Crichton for Booklet or 'phone: Gullane 106

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Official Hotel R.A.C. and R.S.A.C. GARAGE.
Telephone: 14.
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PERTH—STATION HOTEL
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100 Bedrooms. Hot and Cold Running Water. Central Heating Throughout
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THE MISSES FERNSIDE R.S.A.C., R.A.C., A.A.
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On the main Glasgow-Inverness Road, by the shores of Loch Linnhe. The hotel stands in own grounds of 4½ acres with its own garden produce. H. & C. water in all bedrooms. Bathing and Fishing for those who desire it. FULLY LICENSED.
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Excellent Cuisine. Hot and Cold Water in all Bedrooms. Garage for 40 Cars.
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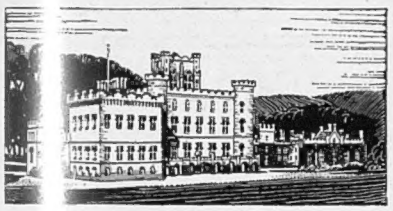
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TAYMOUTH CASTLE
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A WONDERFUL BOOK PARADISE

(Continued from page 285)

some portion, with the exception of the one in the British Museum; *Cordiale, or Four Last Things*, translated from the French by Earl Rivers, the brother of Queen Elizabeth Woodville, and a great patron of Caxton—an exceedingly rare book; *Godfrey of Bologne;* and *Governayle of Helthe*, the earliest medical book printed in the English language and so rare that only one other copy is known.

The last book printed by Caxton is generally considered to be *The Book of Divers Ghostly Matters*, which is dated 1491, the year Caxton died. The copy to be sold remained in perfect condition till about the middle of the nineteenth century when thirty-two leaves containing "The XII Profits of Tribulation" were stolen and in 1858 sold for £25, being bought by the Earl of Ashburnham. They are now in the British Museum, having been purchased at the Ashburnham Sale for £310.

Wynkyn de Worde, Caxton's pupil, succeeded to his master's press, and was a most industrious printer, turning out several hundred books, the printing of which he greatly improved. One example of his work in the present sale is "The Pastime of Pleasure" by Stephen Hawes, the only copy of the first edition (1509) known. The poem was reprinted in 1517, and of that edition, too, only one copy remains, which was sold for £1,000 at Sotheby's in 1919. The book has some pleasing woodcuts, one of them of a gentleman on horseback, accompanying two ladies, riding their steeds in somewhat a nonchalant way, though one lady, in apparent imminent danger of slipping from her horse, is brandishing a two-thonged whip. The poem contains the familiar lines

"For though the day be neuer so longe
At last the belles ryngeth to evensong."

The catalogue contains two other books printed by Wynkyn de Worde, *The Lives of the Fathers*, by Saint Jerome, translated by Caxton, and illuminated by many woodcuts; and *De Probrietatibus Rerum*, by Barthomœus Glanville, which has the distinction of being the first book to be printed on paper of English manufacture. The paper was made at a paper mill in Hertford.

Among the French books, many of which were bought from the De Brienne sale in London in 1724, is the magnificent copy of *Hortus Sanitatis*, printed about 1500. It was illuminated by Antoine Vérard for King Henry VII, whose royal arms and portcullis badge are freely used in the decoration.

An entry in the treasury account books shows that £6 was paid to Anthony Vérard for "two bokes called the gardyn of helth," but this sum of money would not have been enough for this copy on vellum, but only for a paper copy. It is therefore not absolutely certain that King Henry ever owned this copy, which was undoubtedly in the possession of the Landgraves of Hesse in the seventeenth century. This splendid book is profusely illustrated with five large and 1,088 small woodcuts, all of them coloured and enriched with gold. One of the large pictures illustrates a hawking scene where the author is depicted, on bended knee, presenting the volume to the King, who is riding with a company of ladies and gentlemen, some of the latter carrying falcons.

CONTINUATIONS

THE PETROL WORLD

(Continued from page 302)

journey by taking advantage of what looked like a nice broad new road. All went well for a time until the road forked and there was absolutely no indication where either of the two branches went. I took one and hoped for the best, only to find later on I was confronted with exactly the same circumstances and just had to take a gamble as to whether the road I was taking was the right one or not. Eventually I found myself at the Crystal Palace, but even between there and Croydon I lost myself twice.

Having gained the Croydon by-pass I felt assured that my journey via Sutton and Epsom would be fairly rapid, as I would have wagered anyone that I could not possibly go wrong, knowing the road, as I thought, very well. Unfortunately, most of my journeys along this route have been from west to east with the result that when I was near Carshalton I went straight on instead of turning to the right.

A few years ago I would never have made a mistake like this, because it was always a simple matter to follow the tramlines, but now that these tracks have been removed it is apparently very easy to lose one's way. Of course, if I had not been so confident I would have kept one eye on the overhead wires which the trolley-buses use, but I did not do that and so had to retrace my steps on one occasion.

I did not take any times, but I am quite convinced that I wasted at least half-an-hour on the journey, and what I thought of the authorities responsible for sign-posting could not be put into print on this page. If I can get lost on a journey such as this, whatever hope is there for a stranger trying to motor along on the same route?

Improvements have, I suppose, been made in the sign-posting of the country, but in cities and large towns very little has been done. Surely this matter of indicating direction is one that should be tackled in earnest and is one which we highly taxed motorists are entitled to expect to be carried out without delay.

A friend of mine was summoned the other day for driving without due care and attention, his crime being that he crossed over the white line whilst overtaking another vehicle, although the road ahead was clear and was visible to him. I realise that his case is only one of many and so it looks as if crossing a white line may at any time land us into trouble. The white line as originally seen on our roads was reserved for use on blind corners and as such it served a very useful purpose and undoubtedly made dangerous corners safer.

In recent years, however, the white line has been extended and we now frequently see it for miles down the centre of a perfectly straight highway. As a guide, no one can take exception to it, but if the police are going to prosecute drivers because they cross over it whilst overtaking and there is no other vehicle coming in the opposite direction, then the law is being strained quite unnecessarily. In addition to white lines we have yellow lines and also white and yellow dots. Whether there is any difference in the technical offence which it would appear we commit in passing over these patches of paint when these are white, yellow, continuous or dotted, I do not know.

CELEBRATING THE TERCENTENARY OF THE BIRTH OF LOUIS XIV

(Continued from page 286)

receiving the Papal Legate is especially interesting by the manner in which it depicts the interior decoration of the Palace of Fontainebleau in which the reception took place. Also for a curious detail. The Comte d'Harcourt, standing behind the Papal Legate, is depicted wearing a hat with feathers, a prerogative reserved exclusively to reigning princes. Saint-Simon explains that this error is due to the malice of M. de Sainctot, the introducer of ambassadors, who wished to insinuate to posterity that the Comte d'Harcourt attempted to usurp a prerogative that was not his by right. In actual fact, Saint-Simon remarks in his memoirs, the Comte d'Harcourt appeared bare-headed, like the rest of the courtiers.

This exhibition also includes a desk in walnut with side compartments, very simple and ornamented only by moulding, which was used by Charles Le Brun at the factory of the Gobelins and has remained there ever since. Also five high-backed arm-chairs dated 1725–30, used by the board of directors. These are upholstered with Aubusson tapestry in a design of vases and fruit on a dark green ground.

The present exhibition will continue for a year, when the tapestries will be taken down for the "rest" that is necessary for their safe preservation. They will be replaced by others forming a series of exhibitions by means of which M. Janneau hopes to give visitors to the museum a complete and detailed history of the evolution of tapestry in France.

Winifred Boulter

THE SPHERE REGISTER OF BRITISH HOTELS—*continued.*

Streatley-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The Arden Hotel
Strete (Nr. Dartmouth).—Manor House Hotel.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Thorpeness.—Dolphin Hotel. Tel.: Aldeburgh 302
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373 (2 lines)
Torquay.—Templestowe Hotel. Tel. 235811.
Torquay.—The Torquay Hydro Hotel. Tel. 2207.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Torquay.—Park Hall Hotel.
Torquay.—Vernon Court Hotel. Tel. 2676.
Treyarnon Bay (Cornwall).—Waterbeach Hotel.
Twyford (Berks).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.
Westcliff-on-Sea.—West Cliff Hotel.
Westward Ho!—Golden Bay Hotel. Tel. 114.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel.
Weybridge.—The Red House.
Weybridge.—Oatlands Park Hotel.
Weymouth.—Gloucester Hotel.
Worthing.—Ferring Grange Hotel.
Worthing.—Greystoke Private Hotel. Tel. 991.
Wraysbury (Bucks).—Court Royal Hotel.
Yarmouth Gt.—The Royal Htl. Mrne Pde. T. 2526

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Eaton Socon (56½).—Ye Olde White Horse.
Huntingdon (68½).—The Old Bridge Hotel.
Stretton (Oakham) (97).—Ram Jam Inn,
Sutton-on-Trent (133½).—Old England Hotel.
Boroughbridge, Yorks (205).—Hotel Cottages.

ENGLISH LAKES

Buttermere.—The Buttermere Hotel. Tel. 4.
Buttermere.—Victoria Hotel. Telephone 2.
Keswick.—Armathwaite Hall Hotel.
Keswick.—Keswick Hotel.
Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—The Borrowdale Hotel.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.
Windermere.—Langdale Chase Hotel.

ISLE OF WIGHT

Shanklin.—Shanklin Towers.

LONDON

Alexandra Hotel, Hyde Park.
Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Arundel Hotel, Arundel St., W.C.2. Tem. Bar 4216
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Batt's Hotel, Dover Street.
Hans Crescent Hotel, Knightsbridge, S.W.1.
Hotel Washington, Curzon Street.
The Goring Hotel, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.1.
Kensington Palace Mansions Htl, W.8. Wes. 8121
Leinster Court, Leinster Gardens, W.2.
Park View Hotel, Hyde Park Corner, S.W.1.
S. Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.
Thackeray Hotel, opposite the British Museum.
Whiteness Hotel, Queen's Gardens, W.2.

WALES

Abergele.—Kinmel Hall.
Anglesey.—Wern Llanddona. Tel. Beaumaris 77.
Lake Vyrnwy.—Lake Vyrnwy Htl., via Oswestry
Llandrindod Wells.—Pump House Hotel.
Llandrindod Wells.—Ye Wells Hotel.
Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Tel. 6206.
Llandudno.—St. George's Hotel.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

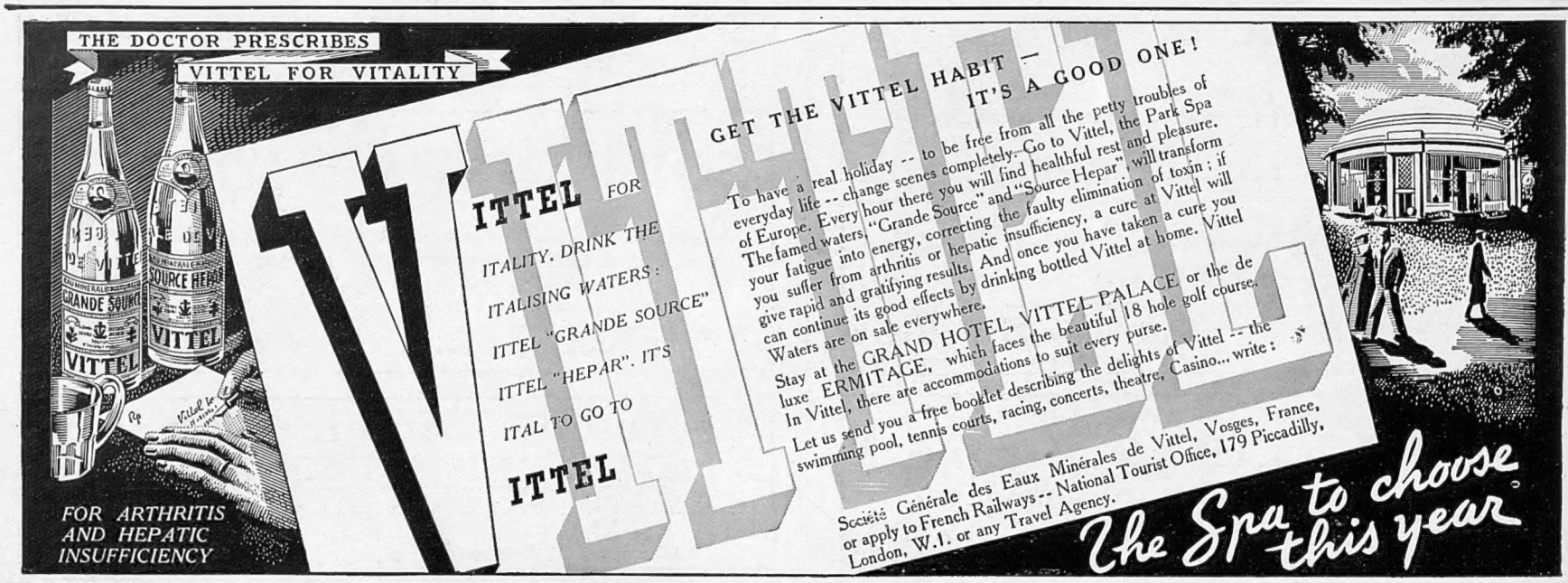
Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel (LMS-NCC).
Portrush.—Northern Counties Htl. (LMS-NCC).
Rostrevor.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.

EIRE

Bundoran (Co. Donegal).—Gt. N. (Rly.) Hotel.
Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).—Ross's Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.
Rosapenna (Co. Donegal).—Rosapenna Hotel.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Guernsey.—Gardner's Old Government Hse. Htl.
Jersey.—Beaufort Hotel.
Jersey.—Bree's Royal Hotel. Tel. Jersey 8.
Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel.



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CONTINENTAL HOTELS

AUSTRIA.

Semmering.—3,000 ft. a.s.l. 1½ hours from Vienna. **Suedbahn Hotel.**—The Golfer's Home.—Open-air swimming pool.

BELGIUM.

Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Telegrams: Lonhotel, Anvers.

Brussels.—Atlanta Hotel.—First, central, cosy, modern, all rooms with bath. Single 10/-, double 14/-.

Brussels.—Hotel Metropole.—
The leading hotel.
The finest hotel rooms in the World.

Knocke-Zoute.—Palace Hotel.—Sea front. Near Golf. Casino. Bathing. Tennis. Special early season rates. Open Whitsun.

Knocke-Zoute.—Rubens Hotel.—Finest hotel facing sea. Near Casino, golf, tennis. Special early season rates; now open.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA.

Franzensbad.—Hotel Imperial.—Exclusive, world known, close to the springs and baths, own park. Season, April 15 to October 15. Prospectus.

Franzensbad.—
Hotel Königsvilla.—
The Leading Hotel.

FRANCE.

Paris.—Hotel Jubile. 125, Avenue Champs-Elysées.—100 rooms with private bath. Close to the Arc de Triomphe. From 10/-. Private suites.

Antibes.—Hotel du Cap D'Antibes.—
Pavillon Eden Roc.
Unique situation between Cannes and Nice.

Cap Martin.—Cap Martin Hotel.—Free bus service with Monte Carlo and Menton. Tennis, swim. Incl. frm 110 frs., with bath frm 135 frs.

Le Trayas (Var) French Riviera.—Navirotel.—Near Cannes' golf. Take a cruise without leaving land. Ask for illustrated booklet.

Monte-Carlo.—Le Grand Hotel.—350 Rooms. 280 Bathrooms. Entirely Renovated 1934. Open all the year.

Monte Carlo.—The Monte Carlo Palace.—1st class, up-to-date—facing Casino—sea view—open all the year. Moderate terms.

GERMANY.

Baden-Baden (Black Forest).—
Brenner's Stephanie.—
The leading hotel.

Baden-Baden (Black Forest).—Brenners Parkhotel.—Family Hotel de Luxe. Pension with bath from 18 Marks.

Baden-Baden.—"Bellevue."—The well-known first-class Family Hotel in five acres own park. Most reasonable rates. Prospectus.

Baden-Baden.—Bühlerhöhe.—800 mt. (2,600ft.) Kurhaus and Sanatorium. Diets. Rest-cures. Pension from RM. 11 upwards.

Baden-Baden.—Holland Hotel.—150 beds. Large park, close Casino. Pension terms R.M.11 upwards. Personal management: H. A. Rössler.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Europe.—Most beautiful position opp. Casino. Modernly renovated. 260 beds. Rooms fr. RM. 5. Pension fr. RM. 11.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Wholly renovated, facing Kurpark, a home fm. home. Manager's wife English. Prices mod.

Bad Kissingen.—Hotel Reichshof.—Distinguished Family Hotel. Garage. Opposite Park.

Bad Kissingen.—Staatl. Kurhaushotel.—World-renowned house, mineral baths in hotel. Garages.

Bad Nauheim.—Der Kaiserhof.—First-class Hotel. Large garden, facing baths and Kurpark. 150 rooms, 50 bathrooms. Pension from RM.11.

Bad Nauheim.—Hilbert's Park Hotel.—First-class family hotel. Unique location in quietest position of the Kurpark oppos. Baths & Springs

Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Augusta Victoria.—Situated directly opposite the Baths. Park. Every comfort. Full pension from RM.9.

Bad Nauheim.
Jeschke's Grand Hotel.
The home of the discriminating client.

Bad Schwalbach (Taunus).—Staatl. Kurhotel—Every room with private toilet and balcony. Built in 1931. Terms from RM. 10.50.

Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The leading Hotel. Unique pos. on river. Grdn. Pk. Terraces. Red. rates. Grge. Man. Dir. R. Bretschneider.

Dusseldorf.—Breidenbacher Hof.—Ldg. htl. Wrld-rend. Fav. home of int. soc. Fam. "Grill." Am. Bar. Orch. Gar. 150 R. fr. 6, 75 Pr. B, fr. 9

Frankfort-on-Main.—Hotel Excelsior.—Left exit of Central Station. 300 beds. From RM. 4.

Frankfort-on-Main.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Leading, but not expensive. Grill room Bar.

Frankfort (on-the-Main).—Park Hotel.—Near Central Station. Famous for its Hors D'œuvres. Rooms from M.5. Garage & Pumps on premises.

Garmisch, Bavarian Alps, **Sonnenbichl.—Golf Hotel.**—Incomparably beautiful situated. First-class hotel. Every comfort at mod. terms

GERMANY—*continued.*

Garmisch Partenkirchen.—Hotels Gibson/Schonblick.—First-class houses. All modern comfort, near sporting grounds. Mod. terms.

Hanover.—Hotel Ernst August.—The city's most distinguished hotel of international name. Owner: Friedr. Wilh. Nolte.

Heidelberg.—Hotel Europe.—
First-class. Quiet location in old park.
Rooms from RM.5.

Hundseck, nr. Baden-Baden.—Kurhaus & Restaurant Hundseck.—(2952 ft.) Sit. on the Black Forest. 160 beds. All mod. comf. Pen. fr. RM 7-9.

Königswinter o/Rh.—Kurhotel Petersberg.—Highest cl. Overl. Rhine Valley. Motor road. Rack rail. Gars. Sports. Pen. fm Mks. 12.50.

Leipzig.—Hotel Astoria.—The latest and most perf. htl-bldng. Select home of internat. Socty. & Arist'cy. Man. by M. Hartung, Coun. of Com.

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Munich.—Grand Hotel Continental.—Where everyone feels at home. Quiet location. Moderate terms. Garage.

Munich.—Hotel Der Konigshof Karlsplatz.—First class. Central situation. 150 rooms. 50 baths. From 5 Mks. New garage in hotel.

Munich.—Hotel Grünwald.—
Opposite central station. 300 beds.
Every comfort. Bierstube.

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Triberg.—Parkhotel Wehrle.—THE Black Forest Home for English people. First class. Fully illustrated prospectus on demand.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Schwarzer Bock.—1st-cl. family hotel. 300 beds. Med. Bath in hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pension from Mk. 9

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Nassauer Hof.—World-rnd. Finest pos. opp. Park & Opera. Wiesbaden Spr'gs. Pat'd by best Brit. Soc. Pen. fr. 12 Mks.

Wiesbaden.—Palast Hotel.—First class hotel, opposite Kochbrunnen. Every poss. comfort. Own bath. estab. Pension from RM.10.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Rose.—World-renowned Hotel, own bathing establishment. Patronised by English & American Society. Pen. fr. Mks. 12.

Wiesbaden.—Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten.—(Four seasons). Select home of Soc. Best posit. op. Kurhaus, Opera, Parks. Pension from RM.12.

ITALY.

Rome.—Eden Hotel.—First class, in an excellent location overlooking park. Roof Garden.

Genoa.
Hotel Savoia Majestic.
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SWITZERLAND.

Davos.—Palace Hotel.—Summer 1938. Rooms from 6 frs. Full board, frs. 15. With Parsenn Railway on 8,000 feet.

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Lugano (Southern Switzerland).—Grand Hotel Palace.—Unrvald sit. on lake. Quiet yet cntrl. Open-air restaurnt. Large pk. Own ten. court.

Lugano (Southern Switzerland).—Lloyd Hotel.—Directly on the lake. All cmfts. 100 beds. Open-air terrace. Restaurnt. Pens. rate fm. Frs. 11.50.

Lugano (Southern Switzerland).—Majestic Hotel.—Strictly first class. Best view, full south. Own private swimming pool. Open-air rest.

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Thun.—Hotel Victoria-Baumgarten.—Every comfort. Large shady park. Very quiet. No trippers or crowds. Terms from Frs. 9.50.

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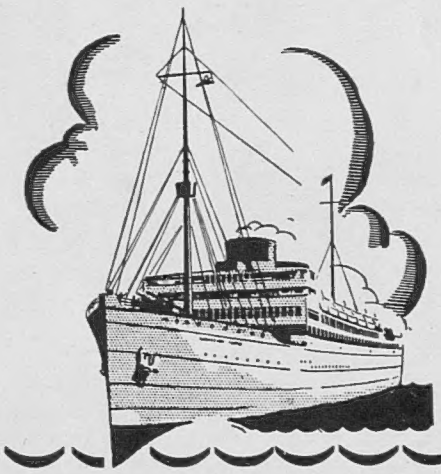

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